

but Kipling is understood to be firm in his refusal to show himself. Let us implore him in the name of all the sacred serpents of India to stand firm. MACK.

Society at the Capital.

Mrs. W. A. Allan's ball at the Racquet Court has so far been quite the event of the season. Mrs. Allan, who for some years has been in ill-health, after a sojourn abroad has returned strong and well, and with a charming young daughter to introduce to Ottawa society. Mrs. Allan is most artistic in her tastes, and the ball and ante-rooms at the Racquet Court never looked better than on the evening of this dance.

Mrs. Webb of Quebec is in town, staying with Mrs. George Perley in her handsome house in Metcalfe street. Mrs. Perley has sent out cards for Friday afternoon, when she will give a large At Home in Mrs. Webb's honor.

Mrs. George Henderson's pretty drawing-room looked very bright and inviting when on Friday afternoon last it was filled with those who came by the pretty hostess's invitation to meet Mrs. Wilford of Woodstock. Among those present at this charming tea were: Mrs. Molson, Mrs. Burbridge, Mrs. Sedgewick, Mrs. Berkeley Powell, Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Ryley, Mrs. Hogg, Lady Ritchie, and a number of others.

Mrs. Clayton of Daly avenue gave a bright little tea on Thursday afternoon last in honor of Mrs. Cotton, wife of Lieut.-Col. Cotton of Cooper street. Mrs. Clayton, assisted by her handsome daughter, Miss Honor Clayton, received the guests in the drawing-room, who included Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Aylmer, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Isbister, Mrs. Molson, Mrs. Wilford, Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Walker Powell, Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Gormully, Mrs. Fenning Taylor, Mrs. H. A. Bate, and Mrs. MacMahon.

Gen. and Mrs. Gascoigne and Capt. Maclean, A.D.C., left on Wednesday for Toronto, where the General attended the military manoeuvres on Thanksgiving Day. General and Mrs. Gascoigne are accompanied by Miss Smith Martin, who is to spend the winter with them in Ottawa.

Sir Louis and Lady Davies and Miss Ethel Davies are at present the guests of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier in their new home in Theodore street. Sir Louis and Lady Davies are awaiting the completion of the furnishing of their new house in Metcalfe street before moving in.

Mrs. Martin Griffin, wife of the Parliamentary Librarian, has sent out cards for a large At Home which is to come off on Friday afternoon next between the hours of 4 and 7. At this At Home Mrs. Griffin will introduce to society her youngest daughter, Miss Aldous Griffin, who will no doubt be as popular a belle as her sister, Miss May Griffin.

On Friday afternoon last Mrs. Bourinot, wife of Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., Clerk of the House of Commons, gave a large and most successful afternoon eucr party, which was much enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be invited. Mrs. Bourinot, assisted by her sister, Miss Cameron, received in the library, the drawing-room being filled with little eucr tables. About six o'clock tea, coffee, ices, etc., were served in the dining-room, proving most enjoyable after the excitement of the game, the first prize of which was won by Lady Laurier. Among Mrs. Bourinot's guests were: Lady Laurier, Mde. Lavergne, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Bowle, Mrs. Pattee, Mrs. Horace Lee, Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. Newell Bate, Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. T. C. Bate, Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Mrs. MacDougal, Mrs. Cambie, Mrs. Cunningham Stewart, and many others.

The large and handsome Racquet Court in Metcalfe street was filled on Tuesday evening with a gay and merry company, the occasion being the ball in aid of the Children's Hospital, which comes, like Christmas, but once a year—the ball, not the hospital. But when it does come, it passes off with such financial and social eclat as to leave all those interested in the welfare of the hospital rejoicing for many a day.

Miss Campbell of Montreal is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gilmore. During her visit here last winter Miss Campbell made many friends, who are much pleased to see her here again.

Mrs. W. D. Hogg of Somerset street gave a very bright young people's tea on Wednesday afternoon last in honor of her niece, Miss Bethune, daughter of Lady Howland of Toronto. A few of those present were: Miss Lavergne, the Misses Thistle, Miss Burrowes, Miss White, Miss Toller, Miss Gormully, the Misses Cambie, Miss Burn, the Misses Ritchie, Miss Richardson, and Messrs. Ritchie, White, Rowley, Lavergne, Bucke, Tasker, Macoun, Scott, Grant, and Taylor.

Ottawa, November 23, 1897.

Social and Personal.

A very perfect ball was that given by the officers of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Friday evening of last week, and society responded to their hospitable invitations by sending youth, beauty and brightness in charge of well known chaperones and prominent men of our city. The military were out in great feather, red coats and tartans, dark blue and rifle green; swords of dancing men stood peacefully in the corners of the great Pavilion, while their owners did what destruction they could with subtler steel. Honored words and ardent glances made many a flattered debutante blush and smile, and called up a simulated protest from more seasoned fair. The age's inventions and discoveries are great helps to the decorator these days, and Mr. Seaver, who has a veritable genius for clothing the prose of pine-wood pillars with the poetry of happily blended colors, gleaming lights and graceful designs, was in his element when turned loose in that unhappy-looking, barren Pavilion. Such a picture he made of it, with draped bunting and colored bulbs of electric light; and Chinese lanterns as big as tubs hung across the stage before a grand big background of the Yacht Club's pretty Island quarters, where we have spent so many happy evenings this year. The yachtsmen in their trim togs were, as usual, a representation of our best-looking men—chiefest among ten thousand being the handsome president, Mr. James Plummer, who so

well becomes the yachting jacket. And there was C. A. B. Brown dancing two-steps like a boy of twenty; and Uncle Eddie Ellis, who fits his clothes very comfortably; and limber blond Fred Campbell, whose steps in the Scotch reel were a marvel of lightness and accuracy; and that canny yachtsman, Mr. Bruce Harman, who has the lore of the Club at his fingers ends; and Mr. Frank McLean with his martial mustache; and all and sundry the happy, jolly men who have won and kept up the prestige of the Yacht Club, Captain Gooderham being a prominent example. The different rendezvous were named after the yachts. Oriole in the conservatory corner, with Cruiser *vis-à-vis* and handy to the *buffet*; Bonshaw a bit further down, Cleopatra looking across at her. It was like a Club day on the bay to look about the gorgeous facade of the spectators' gallery. Shortly before ten the band played the welcoming strains of God Save Her Majesty and Their Excellencies entered, escorted by Mr. Plummer and accompanied by his handsome wife, who was stunning in a rich toilette. Lady Aberdeen wore a black gown with epaulettes and sashes of rosy red, and a coronet of diamonds and sapphires. She looked as happy as a queen as she lightly tripped it in the opening quadrille with the president at her left hand, Lord Aberdeen dancing with Mrs. Plummer. Her Excellency seems to enjoy a dance, and waltzes occasionally; she did not shirk the cartwheel figure in the Lancers either, and following her example other stately dames swung gaily around and looked as if they rather liked it. The prettiest thing imaginable was Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy's dancing in that opening quadrille. She wore a dainty gown with *berthe* of rare old lace, and a few jewels, and stepped the measure with as much precision as did the beauties of old in the court minuet. Mrs. George H. Gooderham, Mrs. Geo. Mason, Mrs. Hardy, Miss Plummer and Miss Heaven of Atherly were the other ladies in the set of honor. Commander Whish of Barrie was in naval uniform, and brought with him a charming daughter, a picture of youth and beauty, who was the cynosure of many eyes. Who was the belle? Is the idiotic question which exercises eager feather-brains, and several maidens are sure to be put forward for a title which means nothing, unless it is given perforce to some radiant and compelling beauty. Mr. Reginald De Koven, who has been fluttering about society during the past ten days and is supposed to be an authority on the "points" of a belle, is reported to have been divided in his mind between a blonde and a brunette, the former in white, the latter in rose-color, and either of 'em pretty enough to send a stone image distracted. Such a number of girls and women are visiting in Toronto for the coming and passing festivities, that a social event has much added *chic* and interest by reason of new and piquante faces on every side. Then there were the *debutantes*, in their satin, silk or *mousseline*, bright girls, quiet girls, plain girls one loves for their goodness, and pretty girls one adores for their naughtiness. It would have been pretty compliment to both parties had the *debutantes* been lined up to receive Their Excellencies, but might have indefinitely delayed their progress to the dais. Miss Violet Gooderham, with ebon hair and eyebrows and the form of a Hebe, was in yellow; Miss Taylor, her sister-in-law-elect, looked sweetly pretty in white; Miss Amy Seton Thompson, whose perfect little face is of a type seldom seen, was in yellow under white; Miss Helen McMurrich was in a pretty white frock; so was Miss Inez Mitchell, and another sweetly pretty little lady was Miss Lily Lee, in white. Of the matrons, Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney wore a gown of sumptuous brocade, and stood in the shadow of her husband's good boat Oriole; Mrs. Delamere was in black with cerise flowers and a touch of white lace; Mrs. George H. Gooderham wore stone-color silk, and a *berthe* of white lace; Mrs. Somerville of Athelstane wore white satin, her beautiful figure and carriage being much admired; Mrs. Clemon, bright and jolly as ever, who is up from Ottawa and a guest at Athelstane, wore black and white; Mrs. Hetherington, looking very simple white frock; Mrs. Hetherington, looking very bright and happy, was in white satin; Mrs. Lady McCarthy wore pale blue, a very becoming little gown. The absence of the smart people from Yeadon Hall, Maplelynn, Ravenswood, Lindenwood and several other mansions whence usually issue stunning women and cavaliers worthy of the same, was felt by those who naturally look for them in functions of note. Lord Aberdeen had a nice time, and made his partners enjoy their little chats with him, in which His Excellency is certainly able and willing to do his share. The *aides*, with their turquoise-blue facings, were all-pervading. Major Denison and Captain McInnes were in scarlet, and Captain Wyatt in the rifle green of his regiment. A very unique and interesting personality was that of old Colonel Boulton of Cobourg, who, in his scarlet tunics and snowy hair, was a veteran everyone looked at. Colonel Boulton is a game old soldier, always interested in pastime and sport, and, I am told, a crack horseman.

For many months the ball-room at Government House has been shrouded in demure quietude, until on Tuesday evening the sound of the "pipers playing in time" echoed through the dim conservatory, the spacious corridors, and the triple suite of rooms where, at the east end, Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen stood to receive her young guests. A slight sprinkling of older folks, a father and mother where brothers were none, had been invited, and the bright young married set from Stanley Barracks, with many a handsome officer in uniform, lent much *eclat* to the pleasant dance. And where would one find an Excellency like him of Aberdeen, light of foot in the dance, bright and animated, discussing all the subjects of the day with those fair dames on whom the honor fell to trip a measure or spend a chatty half-hour in his company? The small and early rule caused many a sigh, some from those whose turn had not come to be invited, and others, more heartfelt, from those who had enjoyed the all too brief hours so much. It

would be a pious act of the street railway to run some cars between twelve and half-past for the guests of the Tuesday dances who reach home by the humble tram, and spare them some cold waiting for that 12.50 car. Lady Aberdeen wore a toilette of yellow brocade and some handsome jewels, with a coronet of diamonds. The various smart maidens who adorned the scene were in white satin for a preference; some of the brunettes chose yellow, notably Miss Mollie Plummer, who looked a radiant maiden. Miss Whish, with fair hair and dark eyes, wore white, and Miss Law pale blue; Mrs. Law wore very rich lavender brocade. A group of *debutantes*, full of the *joie de vivre* in a first plunge into social dissipations, lent much grace to their chosen rendezvous. The five *aides* were on duty, one or other hovering watchfully near Her Excellency. A light *buffet* was served in the dining-room by men and maid-servants, and the genial "cup" was grateful after dances enthusiastically enjoyed. The variety of obsequies made by coming and departing guests was a study in pose vastly entertaining to some observant persons, who chaffed their unfortunate loyal intimates unmercifully. One man long of limb and large of foot, coming after a bevy of curtey which would have done credit to any dowager at court. It was exceeding kind of Her Excellency not to laugh, but the control of the risibles comes to those in exalted position in early days. On every side one heard praises of the dance. Such a form of entertainment exactly suits young Toronto, and the success of the initial one speaks volumes for the tact of the parties by whose hands the invitation list was arranged. Miss Brown-Wallis of Ottawa was much admired; her charming face is a veritable sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith were among the guests; Mr. Eustace Smith was some years ago ranching in the North-West with Mr. Marjoribanks, a brother of Her Excellency. His little wife wore plumed velvet frock, with a *berthe* of white *mousseline* frills; Mrs. Lally McCarthy was in white brocade; Mrs. Walter Barwick was also in white, with a bouquet of crimson roses; Mrs. Amy Dupont wore heliotrope and cream; her handsome niece was in a simple white frock; Miss Katie Stevenson wore white, touched with pale pink; Mrs. Otter was very handsomely gowned in blue broadred satin; Mrs. Cartwright wore white silk, and Mrs. Forester a dainty little gown of brocade; Mrs. McKenzie of Benvenuto was exquisitely gowned; Miss McKenzie was in green and white brocade, and Miss Gertrude in yellow, brocaded in tiny panels; Mrs. Campbell McDonald was in yellow silk; Miss Beardmore wore white and mauve foulard; Mrs. Hardy wore a handsome brocade.

Bishop Sullivan is much better. Mrs. Charles Catto was a pretty bride at the Yacht Club ball; the Misses Taylor of Florysheim were also present, chaperoned by Mrs. Taylor, and were much sought after.

Mrs. Herbert Mason gave a charming tea to some of her friends who wished to bid good-bye to bright and popular Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, whose departure to-day from Toronto is so much regretted.

On Monday afternoon the Countess of Aberdeen paid a short informal visit to the General Hospital. The Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen visited Knox College at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and were received by Principal Caven, Mr. Mortimer Clark, the professors and students, and by a large gathering of the friends of the College, who had been specially invited for the occasion. In the afternoon Her Excellency went to Grace Hospital, where she was entertained at tea by the ladies connected with the hospital, and afterwards went through the building.

Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Gibson will receive on Wednesday, December 8, in the Speaker's apartments at the Parliament Buildings from half-past four till seven o'clock. Guests are requested to enter by the southern or main entrance.

Mrs. M. E. Ellis of 18 Bloor street west gave a very pleasant afternoon tea last Friday, November 19, to a number of lady friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson of Buffalo are visiting Mrs. Johnson's mother, Mrs. J. D. King, on their way to California for the winter.

Everyone was glad to welcome Mrs. Perceval Ridout on Tuesday evening at Government House, and to see her looking so well. Her diamonds sparkled on a black satin gown, but her eyes were brighter and more brilliant with happy response to the greetings of her many friends.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen entertained at luncheon on Monday, at Government House, the Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, the Prince and Princess of Brancaccio and the Duke of Brancaccio, the Countess de Brazza, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Reginald de Koven, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Prof. Clark, and Mr. Scaife.

On Tuesday evening the concert and dance at Trinity will attract its usual immense crowd, some of whom may be looked for very late indeed, after a couple of hours at Government House.

Next Friday evening the Grenadiers' dance in the Pavilion will be the society rendezvous. Their Excellencies will be present and the regiment will provide a guard of honor. The dances last winter given by the Grenadiers were the jolliest of the season, and this one will no doubt eclipse them.

Miss Mabel Lee attended the wedding of Miss Mudge in Rochester on Tuesday evening, and was home for the Cawthra-Arthurs wedding on Wednesday.

Mrs. William Nattress gives a tea on Tuesday afternoon, to which many will go after the opening of the Legislative Assembly on the same date.

The Amethyst Club dance in the new Temple building on Wednesday evening was a great success.

A concert will be given in St. George's Hall in aid of the Western Hospital Nurses' Home on December 8. Lady Kirkpatrick and other prominent persons have kindly given their patronage.

If there are any more Scotch dances it is earnestly hoped that the *aides* will teach each other the proper capers for them. At the Yacht Club ball the steps of a sailor's hornpipe, which was a great success, were mainly executed by a handsome Major who was the admiration of the crowd in the gallery. One old Scot gleefully applauded, and then remarked doubtfully, "I'll bet he couldn't do the same again." No one took him up.

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November 27, 1897

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Social and Personal.

On Friday afternoon of last week there was an informal gathering of some of the ladies most interested in the Victorian Era ball which Their Excellencies propose to give on December 29. Amongst others present there were: Mrs. Otter, Mrs. John Cawthron, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Rehn, Wadsworth, Miss Allan, Mrs. Hardy, Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Burton, Mrs. James Bain, Lady Gzowski, Miss Kingsmill, Mrs. Cockburn, Lady and the Misses Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Edgar, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Cox, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Lauder, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. S. A. Denison. Her Excellency explained that as the ball was to take place at the close of the Diamond Jubilee year, it was thought that it would give character and attraction to the event if the guests would wear costumes illustrative of the Queen's reign. The plan which has been decided upon for the ball is that there should be six successive dances in which each taking part should assume a different character. During this part of the entertainment, those guests who are not dancing in any of the character sets will be asked to take their seats in the gallery in order that they may be able better to enjoy the scene. At the conclusion of the character dances, a procession of those taking part in them will be formed to the supper-room, after which time there will be general dancing. The dances which have been arranged so far are as follows: I. *Empire Group*—Representing England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, India, Australasia, South Africa, Egypt, etc. This group will be under Her Excellency's own charge and will be carried out by the staff at Government House. II. *Early, Middle and Later Victorian Costumes*—There will probably be four sets of dances under this group. The earliest period will be under the charge of Lady Kirkpatrick, the second under Mrs. Forsyth Grant, and the third or middle period under Mrs. Edgar; the later period has not yet been settled. III. *Victorian Literature*—Four sets have also been decided on in this group. Mrs. Nordheimer has undertaken to organize a set representing the characters from Tennyson; Mrs. Walter Barwick another set of characters from Dickens; Mrs. Cockburn and Lady Thompson another from Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. John Cawthron another from Thackeray. IV. *Inventions*—Mrs. Sweny will probably undertake to arrange a dance representing electrical inventions, and Mrs. Osler and Miss Kingsmill will represent the advances made in the department of the postoffice. There will probably be two other sets in this group, representing the changes made during the Victorian Era by the introduction of steam and other scientific discoveries. The other two groups have not been definitely decided on, but will probably be: V. *Art and Music*—possibly representing various famous pictures produced during the Queen's reign; and VI. *Historical Sports and Amusements*. Mrs. Arthurs kindly undertook to take charge of the decorative arrangements. A further meeting of the ladies taking charge of the arrangements was held on Friday, November 26, at Government House at 1 o'clock p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Gliddon of Seaton street sailed last week for Europe. They intend to spend about two years in Leipzig, Germany, where Mr. Gliddon will pursue his musical studies. Mr. Gliddon was formerly cornet soloist in the Grand Opera House orchestra.

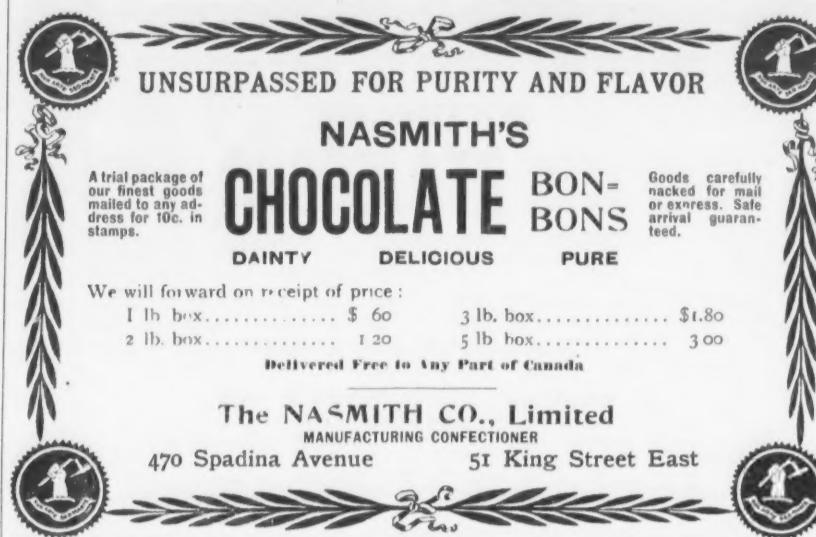
Mrs. Kennedy and family, of Braeside, Dixie, have taken up house at 95 Walker avenue, where Mrs. and Miss Kennedy will receive on the first and second Thursdays.

It was a sweet and happy thought of Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen to call the new Dunlop rose the Lady Dorothea, after the little daughter she had lost. What sweeter memory could there be than that which is found in the beautiful perfume of the rose's bloom! A word descriptive of the new rose from one who is a great lover of roses will be of interest: "It is a marvelously beautiful bloom—a sport of the sunset. The buds, very close and firm, are a deep rosy pink. As the flower unfolds this lightens to a warm, dull, Egyptian red, which seems to spread and suffuse the otherwise yellow petals. I never saw anything like this subtle harmony of color. By night or day this rose is charged with color. What I mean by this is that it—not like some blooms which seem to dull and fade by artificial light—keeps its warmth and glory at all times. It is a mingling of rosy dawn with yellow sunset. In shape it is slightly pointed, the outer petals curling uniformly around the edges. Above the calyx a clear chrome yellow appears, slowly softening into a warm pink. The foliage is the same as that of the sunset, ruddy, with strong stem and red thorns."

The following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dinner at Government House on Thursday, November 18: His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and the Vicar-General, the Lord Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Canon Sweeny, acting chaplain to the Bishop; Hon. David Mills, LL.D.; Sir John H. Hagarty, K.B.; Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. J. M. and Mrs. Gibson, Hon. R. and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. John and Mrs. Dryden, Hon. William Hartly, Hon. E. J. and Mrs. Davis, Hon. E. H. and Mrs. Bronson, Hon. F. E. A. and Madame Eaventure, Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Commander and Mrs. Law, Lady Thompson, the Misses Thompson and Miss Beatrice Edgar. The house party consisted of Capt. Wilberforce, A.D.C.; Mr. Gerald Thorpe, A.D.C., and Capt. Wyatt, A.D.C.

Mr. Guy O'Neil Ireland did not return to Trinity College School, Port Hope, in September, as was generally supposed, but is now attending lectures every day at Trinity College, Toronto, though he is not a resident there, but lives in town.

A most smart and successful hunt breakfast was held at the Country and Hunt Club last Saturday and was honored by the presence of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. The



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rode well and was much admired. Her Excellency is also a fine horsewoman, and her appearance on Saturday recalled Lord Aberdeen's quiet compliment at the opening of the Horse Show last year, when he told us he had remarked and admired her skill and grace in that accomplishment long before he thought she would be Countess of Aberdeen. Among the guests of the Master were: Mrs. Fiske of Montreal (nee Beardmore), Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, a bright party from Stanley Barracks, Mrs. and Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Augusta Hodges, Miss Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. H. Greene, Mrs. Barwick, Dr. and Mrs. Grattan, Captain and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. J. F. Michie, Dr. Dave Smith, Dr. Moorhouse, and some score others.

Miss Clara Dupont, a prominent resident of Victoria, returned to her home at the Coast last week. Miss Dupont was formerly principal of Angela College in that city, and has been visiting her sisters, the Misses Dupont, en route from England to Victoria.

Miss Zueline Grinlinton of Chicago is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Scott of Bathurst street.

Mrs. McMurrich's tea on Saturday was a smart affair, and for the first time the hostess divided the task of receiving with her charming young daughter, Miss Helen.

Miss Rachel Baumann, who is meeting with great success as an elocutionist all over Canada, is to give an evening of readings in Toronto on Monday. Miss Baumann is a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, and is the fortunate possessor of a distinguished presence and a handsome, clever face. On Monday she will recite seven times: Katherine's Defence, from Henry VIII.; The Dividing Fence, by Ruth McE. Stuart; two of James Whitcomb Riley's pieces; a chapter from Quo Vadis; Gilbert Parker's A Story Out of Labrador; and a killing little sketch called Mince Pies. Mrs. Charles Crowley will sing and Miss Shipe will be pianist.

A sale of work which was to have taken place on November 6, at St. Simon's, was postponed until to-day, November 27. Several of the most prominent ladies of the congregation are interested in the success of this sale, which, I fancy, will ensure Christmas cheer to some poor families.

On December 4 Prof. H. Morse Stephens of Cornell University will lecture on Rudyard Kipling, under the auspices of University College Woman's Residence Association.

The Novel Club does a good thing as a loan library at 108 Yonge street. One pays sixty cents for membership, and for five cents may take out for a week any of the popular new books. New, good novels are a special supply, and a good many persons of high degree are taking much interest in the growing success of the Club. An influential committee of brainy people look after this enterprise.

Mrs. Mitchell's At Home on Thursday of last week was one of the pleasantest affairs possible. Richly gowned and brimful of bright, hospitable welcome, the popular hostess and her *debutante*, Miss Inez, were a cordial and winsome pair. The tea-room, where Webb's *buffet* was elegantly served, was crowded for hours. Men there were in plenty, and laughter and jest on all sides. The decorations of the



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Our latest single branch, fine hair switches with curly ends—\$3, \$4, and \$5 each.

Our latest Pin Curls \$2 and \$3 each (the latest for evening Our Pin Curls cost \$2.50 each).

Ladies outside of Toronto will be just as well suited as if they were in Toronto. Send sample and amount. For fashionable and superior hairgoods, always go to

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"Dorenwend's" Headquarters for Beautiful Hair Dressing.

New and pretty styles in all hair goods are constantly added to our large stock in Bangs, Switches, Wigs, etc. If you desire a first quality switch at lowest price, ours is the place.

If you wish your hair dressed, shamed, cut, singed, dyed, bleached, etc., we guarantee strictly first-class work by our competent staff of dressers. In this department we have also added and secured the services of Miss Annie Pembroke. Ladies may rest assured that we have the best in all branches of our establishment. The DORENWEND CO. of TORONTO, LIMITED, 103-105 Yonge St. For appointment in hair dressing telephone 1551.

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for Balls, Theatres, Weddings, etc. If you want your hair dressed and becoming, come and see us. We always lead in styles.

The largest and most convenient parlor, all on ground floor, and our prices are always moderate. We have ornaments in gold, steel, jet, amber, tortoiseshell, aigrettes and brilliants.

Our scalp treatment has given the greatest satisfaction. We guarantee to stop the hair falling and promote a healthy growth. The treatment is suited to the scalp. Nearly every scalp needs different treatment, and ladies who live in the north end of the city will receive equal satisfaction at our branch, 178 Yonge St., for treatment and hair dressing.

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T. T. COOK, Prop.

Late Prop. Montreal Turkish Baths.

tea-table were enormous pale pink carnations tied in loops of broad pale pink satin ribbons.

A very large and smart attendance marked

this function, which has added one more to this season's delightful memories. In the evening a merry party of young people were asked for a card-party and supper, thus

A DOCTOR'S BILL

By DOROTHEA GERARD.

Author of "Lady Baby," "Orthodox," etc.

[Copyrighted, 1897, by DOROTHEA GERARD.]

LISI dropped her work in her lap and turned her face to the clock. Supper had been standing on the table for an hour, and still the right step did not sound on the landing outside. Other steps there had been in plenty, for this four-storyed Viennese lodging-house, divided into such tiny apartments as were likely to suit tiny purses, was as full and as unquiet as any ant-hill.

The supper on the table consisted of a few slices of cold sausages and a small piece of bread, and although it was the middle of January, Lisi's dress was an old cotton gown, much patched at the elbows. She shivered a little as she drew a small knitted shawl around her thin shoulders.

"Nine o'clock, and no signs of her yet. I think I will risk lighting a fire; why, she will be frozen when she gets home!"

And rising from her chair, Lisi placed a few morsels of coal within the small iron stove in the corner of the meanly furnished room.

Aunt Clara would probably scold her, but that could not be helped. In such weather as this even beggars make shift to warm at least their finger-tips, and surely they were not quite beggars yet, whatever Aunt Clara might say.

Indeed, if there was any truth in the surmises of some of their fellow-lodgers, they were very far indeed from being in such a desperate plight.

It was partly certain traces of refinement about old Fraulein Traun's manners, and partly the presence of a small, old-fashioned and very ponderous wooden chest in a corner of her room, which had given rise to a sort of floating belief in hidden riches. True, she was penurious to the point of avarice, and starved both herself and Lisi in a manner that was heart-rending to behold, but everyone knows that it is only the avaricious who succeed in amassing wealth, and everybody had at some time or other read in the papers of some old man or woman dying of hunger in a garret, and of the packets of bank-notes or bags of gold which had been found sewn up in the straw of their mattress.

When, therefore, it was noticed that Fraulein Traun was getting thinner than ever, there were not wanting officious, though possibly well-meaning, voices which pointed out to Lisi the advisability of making sure that it was all right about her Aunt Clara's testament; for everybody in the house knew as well as did Lisi herself that Aunt Clara was not her aunt at all, and that she herself was only an adopted child, picked out of the street in her earliest infancy, for some motive not easy of explanation, for it seemed difficult to impute a pure charity to so "close" a person as Fraulein Traun.

But Lisi indignantly rejected the idea suggested to her.

"What!" she replied to the young woman who lived just across the passage and gained her living and that of three children by sewing buttons on to boots made by a suburban shoemaker. "She has fed me all my life, and you suppose that I could disquiet her now by questions about the future?"

"Fed you, indeed!" remarked the wife of a house-painter who lodged one story lower, but had come up for a chat. "Starved you, you ought rather to say—allowed you to starve along with her—that's about what it comes to. Why, your face is nothing but cheekbones and eyes—and with all that there's no saying whether you mightn't have turned out pretty if only she'd put a little more into you and a little less into that wooden box of hers."

"She gave me what she had," said Lisi, as she turned away. "She only had a whole crust, and that is why I only got a half."

Yet in spite of her loyal heart she would have dearly liked to know what that jealously-guarded little wooden box contained. Not that she believed in the legend of a hidden treasure, but even a penny laid by against a rainy day would be immensely welcome. And surely the rainy day was very near at hand now—thus thought Lisi as on that January evening she covered over the newly-kindled fire.

The piano lessons, by whose means her patroness supported herself, had been growing scarcer lately, probably because Fraulein Traun's poor old fingers were growing stiffer and her old steady voice less adapted to imparting instruction, and in spite of the rate at which Lisi kept her needle going all day, and part of the night, the united earnings of "aunt" and "niece" had for long barely sufficed to keep their respective bodies and souls together. If there really was anything inside that wooden case, reflected Lisi, the moment for opening it had surely come.

Half-past nine!

Lisi turned her eyes from the clock to the table. With the longing gaze of semi-starvation she looked at the slices of sausage, and yet it did not occur to her to eat her own share before Aunt Clara returned. The less Fraulein Traun had been able to give her adopted niece to eat, the more careful had she been to cultivate both her mind and her manners, for the old maid had begun life as a governess, and could not help remaining a governess to the end. Hence a certain punctiliousness in the relations between these two; and hence also it came that people who accosted the meanly clad girl in the tone in which the lower class of servants are addressed, had been taken aback by the accent of her reply, as well as by the unexpected polish of her manner. What the house-painter's wife had said about Lisi's looks was true, roughly speaking; for although her cheekbones were prominent and her great hungry blue eyes the most conspicuous feature in her face, yet it was very evident that a little feeding-up would infallibly turn her into an unusually pretty girl. Indeed, there were moments, such as now, when the freight threw a flitting glow upon her colorless cheeks and played along the coils of her pale yellow hair, when Lisi was pretty already.

She was still sitting thus when there was a commotion in the staircase, and Frau Weiss, the hausmeisterin, entered hurriedly, without knocking.

"Quick, Fraulein, quick!" she panted—every one in the house called the poor little seamstress "Fraulein," although they couldn't exactly have said why—"your aunt is downstairs—she has just been brought in by a dienstmann—she fell down in the street, it seems—you must come and help us to get her up."

A good deal startled, Lisi followed Frau Weiss down the four flights of stairs, for Fraulein Traun's small lodging lay on the cheapest, and consequently the highest floor of the house. In a little room beside the entrance she found her patroness sitting, or rather half-falling off, a wooden chair. Her bonnet was displaced and her fingers almost stiff, either from cold or exhaustion. It was evident that she was barely recovering from a recent fainting-fit.

"Hunger, I suppose," remarked Frau Weiss, shortly and somewhat scornfully. "She'll soon have got to the point of grubbing herself a two-kreutzer semmel for dinner."

It required more than Lisi and Frau Weiss to transport the almost inanimate figure to the fourth story, but neither were helpers wanting, for the news of the Fraulein's mishap had already spread through the house, and out of almost every door an inquisitive head was protruded. The small procession had barely reached the first landing when another door opened and another of the lodgers stepped out, this time not prompted by curiosity, but with his hat on his head and obviously in a hurry.

On a terribly new brass tablet fastened upon this door there was printed in painfully distinct letters the name "Doktor Franz Eisler," and as the tall man with the short brown beard stood aside to let the bearers pass, Lisi remembered that this must be the young doctor who had begun practice quite recently, and who was so new a lodger in the house that she did not yet know his face by sight.

Left alone with the still insensible woman, Lisi began by trying to collect her thoughts. It occurred to her now that she ought to have addressed the doctor on the staircase, and asked him to attend her Aunt Clara. But would he have come, seeing what little chance he had of payment? At any rate, it was too late now, since he had evidently been on the point of leaving the house. She must just see what she could do by herself. Little by little the old lady revived. Presently her eyes opened and began to rove about the room. As they reached the iron stove they suddenly lost their blank look.

"A fire!" whispered Fraulein Traun, feebly and yet sharply. "What made you light a fire? At this rate the coals cannot last till Saturday."

"Then they will just last till Thursday. I thank God that I lit a fire to-night. Do you want to kill yourself with cold as well as hunger?"

Fraulein Traun had managed to raise her head a few inches.

"You have cut the sausage already," she exclaimed a little louder. "How often have I told you not to cut my share until I am back? To-day it will be wasted, for I cannot eat."

"No, it will not be wasted, for I will eat your share as well as mine," said Lisi with a movement of impatience. She was not aware of being influenced by the remarks of Frau Weiss, nor by her own reflections on the possible contents of the wooden box in the corner, but the sight of her benefactress lying in this helpless state could not help adding a sting both to those remarks and to those reflections. It was exactly because she loved Fraulein Traun and trembled for her, that she felt out of patience with her at this moment.

The piano-mistress looked at the girl in surprise, but answered nothing as she slowly let her head sink back upon the pillow.

"It was only a fainting-fit," she explained a little later. "It is a long way home from that last lesson, you know. And the pavement is very slippery—perhaps I fell; I cannot exactly remember. But I shall be able to go there again to-morrow. Eat your supper now, Lisi."

When at the conclusion of her supper Lisi looked up she met the eyes of Fraulein Traun watching her very earnestly from the bed.

"Tell me, Lisi," asked the old lady suddenly, "do you, too, believe that I am rich, and only starve you out of avarice?"

Lisi flushed scarlet in an instant. All her half-formed guilty thoughts—at this moment she felt that they had been guilty—stood up and confronted her. She stared back at her patroness, unable to find an answer.

"Never mind," said Fraulein Traun, smiling feebly. "I understand. Some day perhaps I will show you what treasure I have in my box—for I have a treasure there. But not to-night—my head still feels too dizzy. To-morrow perhaps. Do not let me sleep too late. By eight o'clock I have got to be at the Landstrasse."

Her eyes were closed again, and the last words sank into a murmur.

Early next morning Lisi was aroused by hearing her own name called softly from somewhere close at hand. With her eyes still full of sleep she sprang off the sofa, thinking only of her own remissness in having overslept herself. Then suddenly she remembered what had happened last night, and went quickly to the side of the bed.

"You called me, Aunt Clara!"

The old lady was lying very still with her eyes wide-open.

"Yes, I called you. Do not be frightened, Lisi, but I think I am ill. I shall not be able to give any piano lessons to-day. Perhaps you could give me a little water to drink."

"Oh, Aunt Clara, let me fetch a doctor!"

Now that she was wide-awake, Lisi could see how gray Fraulein Traun's face looked and

how strangely sunken were her eyes. A sudden fear of immediate danger came over her.

"A doctor?" repeated the sick woman irritably. "Nonsense, child; he would cost far too much money. Just give me a little water, and remember that on no account are you to fetch a doctor."

Lisi brought the water and suppressed a sigh.

She knew that to argue with her benefactress would be useless. And yet, so far as she could judge, Fraulein Traun was very ill. It was only rarely that the old lady opened her eyes, and as the minutes passed she occasionally uttered a soft groan.

Early in the afternoon Lisi saw a little color mount into the gray cheeks and the sunken eyes began to shine with a quite unusual brightness. But there was no comfort in the change, since she knew enough to understand that this could only mean the beginning of some sort of fever.

The increase of fear gave her courage to carry out a plan, which during the anxious forenoon hours spent beside the bed had been gradually taking shape in her mind. Rising softly from her chair, she ran down the staircase and did not stand still until she was in front of the door decorated by the brass shield which bore the name of "Doktor Franz Eisler."

It was on the first floor that the doctor lodged—for doctors have to consider the convenience of patients, more particularly if these patients still belong to the dim future, and even if the higher rent be a most unwelcome consideration. There Lisi paused for a moment and hesitated. She had known too much of the hardships of life to be exactly shy, but the doctor was quite strange to her—might he not laugh at her proposal? But no; his face was not unkind, of that she felt sure, even though it might be a little grave. How she wished now that she had looked at him more carefully last night! This was her only hope, this she must risk; and so reflecting she pulled the bell.

It was the doctor himself who opened the door, for this was not his usual consultation hour, and the old woman who served as door-keeper from ten to three every day had been dismissed.

"You are Dr. Eisler?" asked Lisi boldly.

He looked at her carefully before replying.

"Yes, I am Dr. Eisler. Do you wish to consult me?"

"Not for myself, I mean the lady who adopted me. We live on the fourth story. She fainted last night, and now she is very ill, and I want to know if she is going to die."

Lisi had followed the doctor into the small entrance to his lodging, and now stood opposite to him, telling her tale in breathless haste. She said that he was a tall young man, with a short brown beard and a pair of steady brown eyes, now fixed full upon her face.

"Then your aunt was the lady who was carried upstairs yesterday? I saw you on the staircase. Why did you not fetch me then?"

"Because she would not let me. Even now she has forbidden me to fetch a doctor."

"For what reason?"

"For the reason that she believes that we shall not be able to pay you—we are very poor,"

she said simply, lifting her blue eyes bravely to his face. In spite of the shortness of his tone and the dryness of his manner she did not feel frightened of Dr. Eisler.

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"What do you say, Lisi? Will you pay my bill to-day, or must I wait?"

She felt a strong arm laid about her waist. How strange the sensation was! How restful, how comforting to have something to lean against! For just one second she looked up into the dark brown eyes that were asking their question so eagerly, and then irresistibly her head sank forward on to his breast.

"I will pay you to-day!" she whispered through a rain of new and happy tears. "Yes, I think I love you enough to be your wife."

"And yet it's likely to prove an expensive way of settling a bill," commented Frau Weiss, whose husband occasionally beat her, and who therefore disapproved of matrimony.

THE END.

Next week: THE VANDARLO WATERHOLE, by Mayne Lindsay.

Books and Shop-Talk.

THOSE who admired the Cabot Calendar are offered another that is in general way more interesting, viz., Historic Days in Canada. This is a calendar for 1898, illustrated in gold and colors by J. D. Kelly and Percy Kelly, and compiled by Sara Michie and Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon. It abounds in information about Canada. Every day in the year is an anniversary of some event in our history. To illustrate the plan of it let me quote the allusions of the first seven days in January:

Jan. 1. St. Ovide captures St. John's, Nfld. 1760
" 2. The first steamship for York 1832
" 3. Vancouver discovers the Rockies. 1743
" 4. War declared against Spain. 1762
" 5. La Salle and Tonry at the Mouth of 1682
" 6. Vancouver sails. 1791
" 7. Great Britain issues "Orders in Council." 1807

The calendar is printed on beautiful, polished ivory boards, and decorated with portraits of famous men and pictures of buildings, ships, etc. The whole is not only beautiful but rarely useful. It sells for 75 cents. Bain is pushing it along with other calendars for the holiday season. Another singularly pretty thing which Bain's have sent to me for mention is Old Youngsters, by Maud Humphrey and Elizabeth S. Tucker. This is one of the finest examples of colored printing yet produced. The colored plates are by Miss Humphrey, while very superior pen-and-ink work is contributed by Miss Tucker. The work is elegant and will delight artistic children.

After a short stroll among the book stores I am of the opinion that the holiday publications will this year show great artistic excellence. Calendars and picture books to no end are revealing themselves.

A Commonplace Occurrence.

Tom Masson in Life.

HE walked unconcernedly down the street from his office, whistling softly to himself.

He was in a happy, joyous mood—a mood that comes only at occasional intervals, when the mind finds itself relieved briefly from the pressure of life.

Suddenly, by one of those swift flashes of recollection that come to us during these moments of greatest passivity, he recollects that the wedding invitation which had come two weeks before, addressed to his office, from his wife's dearest friend, still lay in another pocket at home.

He had neglected to give it to her.

Face to face with a crisis like this, the presence of mind in the man asserted itself. Suppressing, with iron resolution, the quick shudder that passed over him, he gathered all his forces to recall the date of the ceremony.

It came to him at last. He remembered that the event was to take place in two days.

What, then, was to be done?

There are moments, before even the bravest soldier goes to battle, when he experiences a sense of cringing weakness, of cowardly insufficiency, an almost uncontrollable impulse to turn and fly.

This man passed through that period.

Then there succeeded an intense feeling of bravado, an absolute recklessness of imminent danger. He would face her with it. He would throw the envelope on the table with a word of explanation, and laugh cynically when the storm burst. He would dismiss it all as child's play—not worth talking about.

Then he remembered that whenever he had tried this before it had invariably failed. And he stopped short.

In experienced husbands there is developed a species of low cunning which is usually reserved to when other means fail.

It was at this instant, then, that a crafty smile illuminated his features.

By quick action, he reasoned to himself, there was yet time to send off the present. He felt for his card-case. Yes, his card was there. But hers? Ah! He would run around to her husband's for one. And then to the silversmith's.

The card was easily obtained. Reaching the silversmith's, he selected a forty-dollar salver. This is what every well-regulated husband can be relied upon to select as the wed-ding gift of his wife's best friend.

"Send it with these cards," he said to the clerk, "to this address, and prepay the express. And lose no time."

Then he went home.

That evening he remarked to his wife: "My dear, Gertrude's wedding invitation did not come until this morning, and the wedding takes place the day after to-morrow. There must have been some delay in forwarding it. I knew there was no time to lose in getting the present, so I stepped into Blacking's to-day and ordered one of the most beautiful salad-bowls you ever saw, sent at once. She can have it marked afterwards."

"Did you send my card?" asked his wife. "Oh, yes," said the man. "I stopped into the stationer's and got one."

His wife eyed him reproachfully. "You ought to have known," she said softly, "that I would have found that invitation in your pocket. Here it is," and she brandished it in his face.

The miserable man before her turned deathly pale.

"What—did—you—send—her?" he stammered hoarsely.

"Fifty dollars' worth of knives and forks," she answered savagely.

Sufficient Reward.

A Denver man, who is interested in the news of that lively city, describes in the *Times* an interview which he lately had with one of them.

He was a typical gamin, so diminutive in stature that I had to stoop to interrogate him, which I did in this way:

"Where do you get your papers, my little man?"

"Oh, I buy 'em of Johnny Green."

"And who is Johnny Green?"

"He's a newsboy—he buys 'em in the *Times* ally."

"What do you pay him for them?"

"Fifcents."

"What do you sell them for?"

"Fifcents."

"You don't make anything at that?"

"None."

"Then what do you sell them for?"

"Oh, just to get to holler."

November Clouds.

For Saturday Night.

The day grows dark with a dreary gloom. The shadows are weird and deep. The wind is singing a mournful dirge. While the red sun sinks to sleep.

The dusk is gathering cold and chill. While the shadows beckon the night, And the naked trees stand gaunt and lone, Outlined on the fields of white.

A dying flower looks up from her grave, Then sighing sinks back again; The world she loved has faded away, Only the ashes remain.

The old world rolls in its endless course With sorrow, and sunshine, and rain, But the summer that died with the sinking sun Will come with the flowers again.

A way with the gloomy, gathering clouds!

Away with the mists and care!

Look to the light beyond the gloom,

For a sun is hidden somewhere.

ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL, Hamilton, Nov. 35.

Clever Man.

It is said of a contributor to some of the comic papers of the day that his wit shines more brightly in his speech than in his "copy."

"What a clever man that Tompkins is," he said lately to an acquaintance, referring to a well-dressed, ordinary-looking man who had just passed him with a bow.

"Clever!" echoed the other. "Why, I never heard of his saying or doing anything."

"That's just it," returned the writer gravely. "Think of his being able to live without saying or doing anything—I couldn't!"

Not the Same Thing.

Small collections are often provocative of clerical sarcasm, as in the following instance, quoted by an exchange:

"I fear," said the curate, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of this collection. I hope you will prove by your present contributions that you no longer labor under the same mistake."

An Exercise in Logic.

Pick-Me-Up.

Last year there were in the United States forty per cent. fewer legal executions than lynchings.

In the United States not one convicted murderer in fifty is hanged or electrocuted.

Of the men lynched a much larger proportion than one in fifty was innocent.

Therefore, in the United States it is more dangerous to be an innocent man than a convicted murderer.

A Tribute to the Fatherland.

Pick-Me-Up.

While German competition

The British trader kills,

We render unto Kaiser

Things which are chiefly Bills.

More Deceit.

Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Gaddington—I don't like her at all, dear. She is a deceitful woman. The other day she tried to get me to say something against you.

Mrs. Bulldington—She did it! How?

Mrs. Gaddington—Why, she asked me to tell her confidentially what I really thought of you!

No More.

Norristown Herald.

Walker—Did you say your wife's a member of a secret society?

Talker—It was secret before she joined.

Christmas Saturday Night.

The Toronto *World* says: Year by year the Christmas season is heralded by the issue of illustrated papers with more or less reference to the great Christian festival. In Canada the special issue from the office of SATURDAY NIGHT always heads the procession. Improvement has been yearly noticeable, and this year this prized Christmas Number is better than ever and has almost reached the acme of perfection. Splendidly illustrated, admirably printed, with two superb artistic supplements, the work is most creditable. Then the literary contents are choice and varied: A dramatic short story by Miss E. Pauline Johnson. The De Lisle Affair: a dialect story by W. A. Fraser, The Frog Lake Massacre; Forsaken Flats, a tale by E. E. Sheppard; An Unwilling Witness, by Wilfred E. Tupper; and an array of other interesting matter, the whole forming the best Christmas number that has ever been issued in Toronto.

California Excursions.

A new and important arrangement, whereby parties can get a tourist car to nearly every point in California. The Great Northern Railway will run a through tourist car from St. Paul to Los Angeles, via Portland, and down the Coast, thereby reaching more places than any other lines. Have a look at the wheat fields of Minnesota, the Dakotas, and the mountains of Colorado on the way. Rates as low as any. For full particulars apply to F. L. Whitney, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. H. G. McMicken, General Agent, 2 King street east, Toronto.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORLD.

No Name on Earth so Famous—
No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was named DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills for years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbar, Sciatica, &c., &c. Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

Bob Borrower—What! You say you can't lend me ten dollars to-day because you haven't got it—why, I heard you made five hundred dollars yesterday, on wheat! Tom Tooler (despairingly)—Well, so did my wife!—Puck.

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There was an old maid of Toronto

Who was famed for her youth and her jaunt, oh!

Lud

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers. Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

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The Drama.

THIS week's attraction at the Princess is *The Private Secretary*, probably the best known farce-comedy in the world. It has been played in engagements that are marvelous in the way of records of consecutive performances, and it has been the *piece de resistance* of many a rural school-house entertainment. It has been played in all kinds of places and by all sorts and conditions of men, until it has become a sort of standard by which all other plays of the same character are measured, and it has also furnished the inspiration for dozens of more or less pretentious imitators.

For the same reason that a large number of people who are not newspaper men are always able and willing to tell an editor a good many things which they think he doesn't know, there was an impression pervading the atmosphere of the Princess last Monday night that most of the audience knew, or thought they knew, as much about the play as the actors. It was unfortunate that the company should themselves lend some tinge of probability to this usually absurd theory. The play as now presented is woefully emasculated, some parts, notably that of Mrs. Spaulding, being dropped altogether. This sort of thing, no matter whether it be really beneficial to the piece or not, is always resented by the public. There is an indistinct sting that they have paid for something that they have not got, an indefinable, haunting fear that they have been cheated out of something. This is an unpleasant notion, but one that finds very ready entrance into some heads, especially those not otherwise very fully occupied. I have known men at church enjoy a comfortable seat for an hour, listen to the music, put five cents on the plate and grumble at the sermon. Even the privilege of grumbling is worth more than that, and a fair, honest ground for a good, square kick has made the fortunes of some men. It has carried some to legislative halls, some to the city council chamber, and some to jail, the routes leading to these several destinations being not so divergent as might be supposed.

The unusually acute reader, by which I of course refer to all my readers, will by this time have discovered in the preceding paragraph an underlying insinuation to the effect that the Cummings people in their handling of *The Private Secretary* furnished grounds for a mild attack of sore-head, which is a contagious disease, epidemic in the human male between the ages of eight and one hundred and sixty-one. If he has, I compliment him on his perspicacity. It is not there, so he is entitled to all the more credit for discovering it. It must be confessed, however, that the company and the play are not quite suited to each other. There is a misfit somewhere; I don't know exactly where it is, and if I did I wouldn't tell you. Mr. Wilson Deal as the old uncle with a liver was excellent. The ladies of the company were thoroughly at home in their work, with the exception of Miss Marshall, who was far away from her part. But it is well worth a quarter to see that usually self-possessed and brilliantly confident young lady clean out of her depth for once.

"If you are discovered you are lost."

Probably—probably so. But the true secret of success lies in not being discovered. Keep up the almighty bluff. The plug hat and black coat on Sundays are necessary and inevitable adjuncts to your shady transactions of the week before. They will answer as a kind of moral deodorizer, a religious disinfectant, successful for the same reason that some people use an overabundance of perfume instead of taking a bath: only be careful to see that the being who occupies your place in Sunday school is kept entirely distinct from the individual who puts sand in the sugar you sell and gives short weight in the coal you charge two prices for. Don't get them mixed on an account.

"If you are discovered you are lost." QUIS.

On Tuesday evening Miss Fanny Davenport produced her new play, *The Saint and The Fool*, at the Grand Opera House before a representative and enthusiastic audience, and at the fall of the curtain it was universally conceded that the play and its interpretation have never been excelled in the history of the Toronto stage. The story of the play is literally the life of Joan D'Arc, the maid of Orleans, treated in a masterly manner, and with several innovations to enhance the dramatic interest, yet in the main preserving the historical accuracy of her martyred career. The scenery and appointments are equal to anything seen in Toronto for years, and the development of each grand set provoked a fresh and added burst of applause and evidences of heartiest appreciation. A mere description of the elaborate scenic effects is but scant praise, and when the auditor beholds the countless effects produced by a happy manipulation of vari-colored electric and calcium lights

upon the grand scenery, his astonishment is boundless.

Miss Davenport as Joan D'Arc gives in this her latest effort, a grand and impressive delineation of the characteristics of the warrior maid and her transition from the simple peasant of act first to the General of France's army, and evidences the possession of those rare theatrical gifts that stamp the great artist. She was happily aided by Mr. MacDowell (Clichet), and in the great scene of the fourth act, when the escape from the tower occurs, the audience sat spellbound at the thrilling innovation and the daring exploit in the hands of a woman. James Colville as Nicholas the spy, Henry Jewett as the King, Miss Marie Shotwell as Agnes Sorel, Charles Barron as Joan's father, and Mrs. W. G. Jones as her mother, merited the very generous applause at the hands of a representative Toronto audience. The supporting company and a grand chorus deserve praise only second to the artistic work of the principals. To the student of history this grand production is fraught with interest and education, while to the mere amusement-seeker it is a source of constant delight in its dramatic episode and grand stage pictures. Miss Davenport, foremost of America's producers, is entitled to the gratitude of the theater-loving public, and it is with pleasure that I record her present engagement as an epoch in Toronto's dramatic history.

Miss Jessie Alexander in her own line of elocutionary work has created a field in which she is easily supreme. Miss Alexander writes nearly all of the sketches which she uses, and as a rule they are etchings of character. On Thursday evening of last week I attended her concert in West Association Hall and enjoyed a treat. Mr. A. L. E. Davies (baritone) sang capitally, as did Miss Anne M. Smith (soprano). Naturally the chief interest centered in Miss Alexander, who gains each year in making felicitous use of her gifts. To-day she takes high rank as a creative artist. Her sketches of the Hyde Park orators, and of the by-standers at the Jubilee parade in London, were particularly fine. To those who had not heard Miss Alexander for a couple of seasons the whole thing was a revelation, for although she has been in the lead of popular elocutionists for some time, her powers have expanded surprisingly of late. We have heard much said of late as to whether a woman can be an orator. I fancy that Miss Alexander could be one if she wished.

The Henshaw-Ten Broeck Company are paying a second visit to the Toronto this week and patrons of the house are delighted. The show strings songs and dances on to a farcical plot in a comparatively ingenuous way, and this combination, together with Mr. John E. Henshaw, is a winning one with most people. Mr. Henshaw in appearance is not unlike the *debonair* Mr. Cummings, whom the matinee girl loves with as romantic a love as Highland lasses had for the Stuarts. Both have that genial wrinkle in the cheek that comes of much laughing. This mirth-infectious dimple, the drawl in his voice and the meaningful twists of that supple hand of his, make Mr. Dodge and his adventures "funnier than a box full of monkeys," as Toronto's only famous street fair is in the habit of remarking. Mr. Henshaw has made a hit. Strange to say, Mr. Dodge's Trip to New York is a comparatively virtuous one, as he got mixed up with the strange lady by mistake only. Farces are generally shockingly immoral when one comes to scrutinize them. Husbands are always wishing they were free and acting occasionally as though they were. They are habitually taking masked ladies out to supper, and their wives, who, when they hear of it, virtuously threaten divorce proceedings, mean-while stay at home and flirt with bold, bad gentlemen in the parlor. Humor covers up these transgressions, of course, and nothing is taken seriously, yet the fact remains that all the principles of conventional morality are generally violated, and if we notice it at all it is only to laugh. If it were a more serious play, where they didn't sing and dance every now and then or scatter gags all over the place, we would consider such "carryings on" as very shocking, or very French, or very *outré*, or some epithet, foreign or domestic, indicative of our disapproval that such things should be referred to in public. But smile at them, grin at them, giggle at them!—goodness me!

The dramatic recital to be given in St. George's Hall on Monday next by Miss Rachel Baumann of Chicago, assisted by Mrs. Charles Crowley, coloratura soprano, and Miss Henrietta Shipe, promises to be a rare treat for lovers of fine reading. Miss Baumann's press notices are most excellent. A recent press notice says: "In the line of playful humor she has had no superior on any platform in our city; indeed, such was her popularity last night that she was recalled for the third and even the fourth time." Miss Baumann will give *A Story Out of Labrador*, (Gilbert Parker), *The Nest Egg*, and *Alex's Bear Story*, (James Whitcomb Riley), *The Dividing Fence*, (Ruth McEnery Stuart), *Queen Catherine's Defence*, (Shakespeare), and other selections making up a programme of much variety and promise. Mrs. Crowley will sing *Bobolink*, *The Snowy-Breasted Pearl*, and *Vilanelle*.

The attraction at the Toronto Opera House next week will be a Cuban war play by Lillian Lewis and Lawrence Marston, entitled *For Liberty and Love*. It is said to be based on the recent events in the freeing of Miss Cisneros of Cuba. If such is the case, it shows a burst of enterprise on the part of the authors and company producing the piece. It will be elaborately mounted.

Rev. Dr. Lyle of Hamilton has expressed the sensible opinion that the drama has come to stay, and the fact should be recognized and improved. Rev. Neil McPherson also stated that he would go to see Shakespeare well played.

Richard Mansfield has made himself solid with Scotchmen by writing a poem on *The Dargai Gap*.

Cissy Fitzgerald in *The Foundling* will be put on at the Grand Opera House next week.

SPORTING COMMENT

LAST week an item went the rounds of the press purporting to show that Rugby was a dangerous game that should be suppressed. One college in the United States had suppressed it, and others were described as contemplating similar action. A list of eight or ten names of men killed in the game was also published. Young men have complained to me that their lives have since been made miserable by their mothers and aunts, who have experienced a revived horror of "the brutal game of Rugby." I do not know that I can dispel the fears of these good ladies. It is related that at a game between 'Varsity and T.A.C.-Lornes an excited old gentleman waved his arms frantically and roared to policemen, referee and the world at large, "Make that scoundrel get off my boy." My sympathies have been entirely with that father. It must be rather trying for a father, mother, aunt or sweet-heart to sit in the grand-stand and see Willie thrown violently to the ground by some wild-eyed, shock-headed, bare-armed gladiator who at once drops on him, and is soon followed by a dozen others, who seem to have no other desire but to break every rib in Willie's precious body. However, one game or two at the most causes father to take such incidents coolly, though mother, aunt and sweet-heart are in terror at every game. Dad rather enjoys the third game, having found that Willie gives tit for tat and never gets badly injured.

As a matter of fact, these football fatalities all, or nearly all, occur in the United States, where the game is much different from ours. The game must be very much harder than ours, or the men must have more chalk in their bones. After the New York athletes had competed at Rosedale this summer, I pointed out that they nearly all abandoned themselves to utter exhaustion after each contest. Our own athletes were outrun in every race, yet they finished strong and showed little, if any, distress; while the New York men, although victorious, generally fell limp as rags, and sometimes fainted. The average Canuck would rather lose a dozen races than faint once. In football or footracing our boys never collapse, and we hold that a collapse is of the spirit and not the flesh. The fainter would be laughed out of athletics unless he chanced to be a marvel like Wefers. In the reports from the United States one would gather that football games are fainting matches. We hold the opinion that the practice across the line is to train too fine.

Why more legs and arms and ribs are not broken in Canadian Rugby is hard to understand. Arms, legs and ribs are very strong in this country of ours. There is no reason to doubt the opinion that we are a strong-boned people. One football match will convince a doubter. Young men who clerk in banks or study in college, and have never roughed it in the woods nor lived by the labor of their hands, go through some terrific ordeals on the Rugby field and come out with sound bones. The result has something satisfactory in it. Boys who had been pampered at home and were regarded as "house-plants" at the start, went through the North-West Rebellion with undaunted spirit. Some of the officers of the army of the North in the Civil War in the United States have put on record their admiration for the pluck of the Canadian boys who wore the blue. I say again that the athlete who faints and collapses is, generally, deficient in spirit, and young Canadians are strong in bone and spirit. There is no reason to doubt it, and many reasons for believing it.

It might be well to point out, too, that those who play Rugby are for the most part the sons of well-to-do families and are known to each other. They have met at school and college, and each player has a personal standing with all the other players. If one gets the name of being brutal and unfair, he finds himself marked by a man who is able to cope with him and meet him with his own tactics. A brutal man is keenly watched by referees and umpires. The game seems very rough, but every

man who has ever played the game will support me in the statement that there is a streak of decency running through the players, and this saves the game from being brutal. If soulless rowdies played the game it could be made a killing and ruffianly sport. As it stands, though, the young fellow who gets himself into proper shape, finds his lungs and heart sound and his courage good, is more likely to get benefit than injury from Rugby. It saves him from physical sloth—it does for him what typhoid fever has to do for the man who gets into bad shape, i.e., takes away the dross and gives him a new start.

On Thursday the Tigers of Hamilton went down to Montreal to play Ottawa College for the Rugby championship of Canada. Mr. Barker of Hamilton, who saw the game the other day, is reported to have said that if Smith, the quarter-back, is permitted to operate between the scrimmage and Gleason at center-half, as he did in the game in Ottawa, then the Tigers will probably be beaten. That expresses my idea exactly. It all depends on the latitude that is allowed Mr. Smith. When Ottawa College defeated 'Varsity in Toronto last year it was this same Smith at quarter who violated every letter and all the spirit of the rules governing the putting of the ball in scrimmage. He might as well have made no pretense of putting the ball in scrimmage, but handed it openly to Gleason to punt. He must be a hypnotist to blind the officials to his open tricks, that can be plainly seen by spectators a hundred yards away. I have never seen a scrimmage and a quarter-back work such daring tricks as in the championship game of last year. It was a scandal. I am told that Smith is at it again this year, and if he is given a free hand, of course his side will win. Very likely the game will be a battle royal between Counsell and Gleason, the great half-backs, and worth going far to see.

Y. M. C. A. made the first default of the season in the City Senior Association League when their team did not materialize in the game scheduled with the Riversides last Saturday. Much disappointment was evinced on account of this action, particularly among the Riversides players themselves, for they were still smarting from the set-back they had experienced at the Y. M. C. A.'s hands some few weeks ago, and their chance for revenge had been awaited with every prospect of success. Their satisfaction was merely nominal, however, for disorganization and defection had been finally succeeded by default in the ranks of their opponents. The Y. M. C. A. team, which had been playing with men short on previous Saturdays, did not even make an appearance. The game between the Scots and the Riversides last Saturday was the anticipated. Indeed, the great majority of the games in the League this fall have been very closely contested, and although the Scots and Riversides have almost invariably won, they have only attained their victories by very narrow margins. In this instance the score was 2 to 1 in favor of the men of Scotia. Their defense kept their goal pretty well cleared, and at times their forward line were pestering the Gore Vales' posts incessantly; but the superb work of the Gore-Vales' goalkeeper and backs equalized matters somewhat and tended to put the relative merits of the two teams on a par with the score. The Scots and Riversides are therefore still tie for championship honors, and the play-off to-day is exciting a great deal of interest.

'Varsity and the Dentals, the winners of their respective sections in the Inter-College League, met last Friday to decide the championship. They were unsuccessful in ringing down the curtain, for the play was not ended. At the call of time no goals had been scored either way, and the coveted title still remained in abeyance. The ground was covered with slush and mud, the result of the previous day's fall of snow, and up to date work was practically out of the question. The conditions militated particularly against forward play, as the ball was soggy and dead and could not be handled with any degree of accuracy. Only once or twice was a goal in danger, and that goal was the Dentals', the play if anything

being in 'Varsity's favor, in spite of the excellent defence work of Rudell and Elliott for the dentists.

The game for the Caledonia Cup with the Western League is in an unsatisfactory condition. The Inter-College and City Leagues have both chosen their teams, but because of the non-completion of the latter's schedule it has been impossible to obtain a decision as to who was to meet the Westerners on Thanksgiving Day. Neither team cared to bring the Western men down on Thanksgiving, paying their expenses, as they would have to, and then if they won have their title disputed and possibly won by the other. The result is that a decisive game of any nature will hardly be seen between any two of the three sister organizations.

Private Stewart of the 48th Highlanders failed to turn up at the Armories on Monday night to make up the proposed bayonet match with Sergeant-Major Morgans. Private Stewart accepted Morgans' challenge for such a match, and tacitly accepted Monday night, as proposed by Morgans, for the time to arrange for the meeting. Morgans was at the Armories waiting at the appointed time, but Stewart failed to put in an appearance. As he had not communicated with Morgans in any way, it was to have been supposed that he accepted the appointment, and the fact of his not having kept it is a blow to his reputation. While it would be ungracious to bring up presumably false stories reflecting on Private Stewart's known skill with the bayonet, still it is a fact that it was alleged that the so-called great victory of the Highlanders' team in England was rather an empty affair after all; that instead of their opponents being the pick of the British army they were an inferior lot from one of the provincial militia regiments. Private Stewart should not show the slightest appearance of hesitation, for to be beaten by Morgans would be no disgrace. There have been others, Sergeant Morgans' record fits him to be a worthy opponent with bayonet or sword for any man. He has been a soldier all his life. He served for years in the Scots Guards, in the company of which General Gascoigne was then the captain. He was instructor for nineteen years at the Royal Military College, Kingston. He is now instructor of the Royal Grenadiers, Toronto. For four years he has had the championship of America in sword and bayonet, foil and foil, sword and sword, and bayonet and bayonet.

The Prince of Wales sets a sensible fashion in his new yacht. It is reported that it will be of only eighty tons. The Britannia has been sold to a tuff-hunting manufacturer of soap, with the condition that he is not to race her. The German Emperor's yacht Meteor now promises to be in a class by itself, which is precisely what her imperial skipper would like.

Jack Counsell, the Royal Bengal of the Tigers, expresses the opinion that his team will bring home the championship.

The Evolution of the Wheel.

New York Sun.

On the dark horse we make our largest winnings. And great results accrue from small beginnings: Then mock not him who o'er some strange idea Doth ponder long: doth dream and scratch his ear. The weakest side hath many a battle won, And what the future holds is known to none.

THE HOBBY-HORSE.
Heave! Heave! What screeches and squeals Proceed from the hubs of the old wooden wheels!

Let us sing to the praise
Of the hobby-horse days,
When our grandfathers' craze
Was to ride the highways
On a clickety-clackety, groaning and racketty
Sort of a rail on elliptical reels.

THE HIGH WHEEL.
Bump! Bump! 'Twas crudely designed;
And to pedal it for was a horrible grind.
Here's a jingling rhyme
Of the bone-shaker time,
When, with courage sublime,
Our fathers did climb

To the top of a lubberly, tired-with-hard-rubber
Cast-iron wheel, with its young one behind.

THE WHEEL OF TO-DAY.
Zzz-zip! Whiz—! It hasn't a peer!
What joy more entrancing? What motion is freer!
To the safety we sing;
Of all cycles the king!
As we rapidly swing,
Like a bird on the wing.

With a motion ecstatic, on tires pneumatic,
Of a high grade and up-to-date eighty-four gear.

Ottawa.

E. T. B. GILLMORE.

No Evidence.

There is always something new in courts of justice. If there are no new crimes, there are new ways of escaping punishment. One of the latest of such novelties finds a record in the San Francisco Post.

A Chinese fisherman was on trial at Sausalito on a charge of catching striped bass that weighed less than two pounds. The constable who had made the arrest testified to catching the Chinese with the fish in his possession.

"Where are the fish?" asked the attorney for the defendant.

"Why, they wouldn't keep," answered the officer.

"What did you do with them?"

"Oh, I disposed of them."

"What did you do with them?"

"Well, I knew they wouldn't keep, so I disposed of them."

"But what did you do with them?"

"My wife cooked them."

"And you ate them?"

Miss Analytical's Temporary Experience.

EVERYTHING had suddenly turned dull; it was tiresome to go on writing, tiresome to think of dinner, most tiresome of all to remember that to-morrow and the next day would be just the same. All the interesting things in the world seemed to become clay color when I thought of them, and I had reached the point of a consistent downfall of expectation when I saw the Analytical Young Person coming up the street. She is not very beautiful nor very charming, but there is something stimulating about her, and I was pleased to see her make us all tall, thin progress up the garden path.

I explained to her how I felt, and she characterized it at once. "I know, can't bear to think of having to eat a breakfast every morning for the rest of your life."

"It sounds impious, but it's true; can't you spare me a sensation?"

The Analytical considered the question for a moment with a finger on her lip.

"There was a queer thing happened to me last June, and really I've always rather wanted to tell you about it." She hesitated and looked at me keenly, as if I were a chemical mixture which she was about to resolve. "It was a little disreputable."

"That won't make it any the less interesting," I encouraged her brazenly. "I made up my mind about your respectability long ago, so that you need not be afraid of losing my good opinion on this particular occasion."

She eyed me brightly again, and then accepting the patent impertinence of my statements she shook her right index finger in the air and began:

"It was during the time when the Epworth League was in the city. They didn't disturb me except on the street cars, but they seemed to last a long time there. Mary Elisabeth and her B.A. asked me to go to the Island with them; let me see, it was Tuesday night. I don't know whether you have any particular reason for remembering it or not, but it was very hot, and there was a fine moon."

I had, but I turned the point of Miss Analytical's curiosity with an ambiguous sound, and she proceeded.

"We crossed on either the Mayflower or the Primrose, I am sure I don't know which, and nothing worth mentioning happened; indeed, the whole evening was particularly uneventful. Mary Elisabeth, as you know, is a good friend of mine and we don't mind being together; her B.A., whom I believe you do not know, is an agreeable young man of good manners, whom we both like and who is kind enough to like us in a certain geometrical progression, beginning with me."

Miss Analytical paused to see if I understood this, but the context had made it perfectly plain and I met her eye candidly.

"We crossed to the other side of the boat to look at some effect of light that Mary Elisabeth thought particularly fine, when I became aware in some trivial way that I had forgotten, that we had become amusing to four people who were on that side of the boat. There were two girls, of whom I received no impression except that they had on white veils, and one of the men wore a top-hat.

"There was another man with them, and although I only glanced at them he made rather a vivid impression on me. He was small and active-looking, very dark, with a curious aggressive look and manner. His eyes were black and presuming, and he looked at us, he looked at me." Miss Analytical paused, "with a boldness that made an unfavorable impression. You may be sure that I did not look at them again, but I could not help knowing that they still found us amusing. I mention that fact so that you may know that I was not particularly obliged to them and certainly did not look encouraging."

"On our way off the boat this man turned to look at me so often that I was afraid that Mary Elisabeth's B.A. would think me a very tough young woman indeed, and that annoyed me, for in this particular instance, whatever you may say about other occasions, I had nothing to do with what happened."

She paused as if to challenge me not to believe her. I do think that she was telling the truth, for her passion for self-analysis is so complete that she does not hesitate to own up to many little things that a less scientific young woman would deny with great apparent guilelessness.

"They disappeared in the crowd on the wharf and I was very glad to see them go."

"The next afternoon I saw the same man going into a house on—well, on one of the streets that the Belt Line passes. He did not see me, and as there was a wagon full of trunks standing near, I came to the conclusion that he had blown into town with the Epworth Leagues and would shortly blow out again. Of course I don't think it is probable that he was a member of that highly respectable organization, but he may have found traveling convenient then."

"Ah," the Analytical Young Person drew a long breath and prepared for a rapid episodic plunge. "Papa was getting ready to sail for England, and naturally I forgot all about the man in the brown suit, there wasn't anything to remember about him anyway; I didn't mention before that he wore a brown suit. Well, on Friday morning I want down to the Union Station to see paper off, and as it was rather lonely to come back to an empty house I went in to see Mary Elisabeth. She was out and I came home rather cross, rather dull, and a little inclined to be morbid on the subject of the safety of the traveling people."

"When I came out from Mary Elisabeth's I saw the man again, crossing the street diagonally from the corner. He was looking down and did not see me, and I thought it was queer that I should see him so often, especially when I was quite sure that I had never seen him before Tuesday night; he was not the kind of person one could possibly forget."

"I looked at him hard because I wanted to see what kind of a man he was," (Miss Analytical again), "and it was a good chance. He did not look up even when I opened the gate, but when I was passing out of sight through the entrance he saw me. It was only for the fraction of a second, but as soon as I was out of sight my knees knocked together and I knew in some queer way that he was going to follow

me. It was perfectly absurd, but I rushed to the door, got my keys out with trembling fingers, and some way was inside the door. Then I took off my hat and laughed to think what a fool I was—and then the bell rang."

"There were just two people in the house, a maid and myself. The maid opened the door and man's voice, loud, as if he wanted someone inside to hear, said, 'Can you tell me who lives here?'

"I was frightened, and yet I wanted to laugh. I had peeped through the door at a safe distance, and it was the man; he couldn't do anything to me, but I had a great general objection to meeting him."

Now Miss Analytical's name is about as unusual as Smith is common, so we will call her Smithus.

"Smithus," the man said next. "I used to know a Miss Smithus who lived on College street. I wonder if this is the same Miss Smithus."

"I could tell that he was making up every word as he went along, and as that maid has a passion for showing peddlers and such people into the drawing-room, I retreated rapidly through the French window on my way to the kitchen.

"As I went I heard the man say emphatically, 'I don't want to see Mr. Smithus; it is Miss Smithus I want to see.'

"Then the maid came out to the kitchen and I could see that she thought something was queer. I felt what a shame it was that I should show her such an example. She said there was a gentleman at the door who would like to see Miss Smithus very much, if it was the Miss Smithus who used to live on College street."

"I told her to tell him that the family had gone to the seaside, and that they never lived on College street."

"Well," I enquired, as Miss Analytical paused.

"Well, that's all. He had the nerve to ask the maid if one of the family hadn't come in a few minutes before, but she headed him off."

"No, I've never seen him again; I'd seen enough of him. No, I've no idea who he was; he may have been an escaped lunatic."

Miss Analytical folded her thin hands over her knees and smiled at me in a steely manner.

"No, that kind of thing does not happen to me very often. I would like to know why he did it, but my friends apparently are afraid to tell me. Now I do hope that you feel better."

And stretching out her hand for my last uncut magazine, Miss Analytical dropped her sharp chin into it and evidently forgot all about me.

RHUE.

Her Eyes.

For Saturday Night.
Now when I rest upon those languorous eyes,
Whose beauteous gaze, like some sweet guiding
light,
Draws from my heart speech where no language
strays.

Ignobler thoughts are put to sudden flight;
And all the realm of golden silence seems
Enchanted with the touch of heavenly dreams.

And peace, soft-winged, as aerial snow-flakes are,
O'er-laden with repose, so vainly sought;
Hushes with fairy-hand, and wan-like bar,

The motion of each heart-impassioned thought;
And every moment dies away in bliss,
As when the moon sought fair Endymion's kiss.

Here could I linger, happy hour by hour;
And dream away my life's illusiveness;
Prince of the look, whose glance would charm the
flower,

Nor deem that earth held sweeter loveliness;

And as the sunflower turns toward the sun,
My gaze would ever follow after one.

Toronto, Nov., 27. LEON SIVRA.

How a Corporation Took a Town by the Throat.

ATELY the boldest campaigner of modern times, Mr. Tom Johnson, famed as the trolley magnate, said to a gathering of Georgeites:

"I am not a philanthropist.

I assure you that at the time I reduced fares from fifteen to five cents I was so selfish that it was not the thought of the poor mothers with their sick babies that I had in mind, but that I could make more money out of you at five cents than I could at fifteen cents."

He then explained his position as a monopolist in these words:

"I am a land grabber and a franchise grabber. I am not in business for my health, and you are to blame for all my franchise grabbing. You allow me to do it. The laws which you make allow me to come here from Ohio and make thousands of dollars which should rightfully go to you. But I say that just so long as you make and maintain those laws, I'm going to do just as much as anybody else to make money under them. You are the rightful owners of the franchises, but you allow us to take them."

Franchise grabbing is regarded as a huge joke by the grabbers. If they win they defy the power of the universe; if they lose they may go to state's prison.

They never lose.

Three miles of track between Somerville and Bound Brook, New Jersey, were needed by a Philadelphia and New York trolley company to complete its lines. Victor Smith, in the *Illustrated American*, tells how it was done.

Nearly a year ago the company was enjoined from building this link. A rival company had the field, and the denizens of the township were in opposition.

A grab was determined upon.

Bold men advised it and bolder ones executed the steal.

Quietly and secretly the preparations were made in Baltimore.

The plans for the building of Solomon's Temple were not more faithfully carried out.

A trolley car was smuggled from New York,

in bandages, to be in readiness to run on the new line the moment of its completion.

A train was loaded with steel rails, bolts, spikes, stringers, the new car and all the paraphernalia of a trolley road, plus 1,000 negro laborers who understood their business. Saturday night, October 23, was selected for the grand *coup de chemin de fer*.

Bridgewater township was the scene of action. Shortly before midnight a black arm debouched upon the eastern turnpike.

On—went the work, and steadily across the township stretched the iron road.

The farmers in the neighborhood were rudely

The New Home of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music has become one of the firmly established and famed institutions of the city—one of the strong educational forces of the province. The new buildings of the Conservatory, which were publicly opened on Monday evening of this week, are situated most fortunately at the corner of Queen's Park and College street, adding to that great cluster of educational institutions that are grouped around Queen's Park and the Parliament Buildings. The new Conservatory buildings, as shown in the accompanying drawings, are of a character suited to their surroundings.

On Monday evening there was a veritable crush at the opening of the new buildings. The friends of the Conservatory turned out in such numbers that no building but Massey Hall could have held them without strain. When the programme was begun in the beautiful concert hall, fully one thousand people were unable to get in and were compelled to bestow themselves in the various studios, waiting-rooms, etc., upstairs and down. This over-crowding was in itself an evidence of the great popularity of the Conservatory.

Hon. G. W. Allan, president of the Conservatory Board of Directors, occupied the chair, and grouped about him were President Loudon of Toronto University, and Provost Welch of Trinity University (with both of which institutions the Conservatory of Music is in affiliation); Mr. Edward Fisher, musical director;

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RHUE.

The New Conservatory Buildings.

Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Q.C., Mr. E. A. Scadding, Mr. Henry Pellatt, Mr. James Henderson and Mr. Elmes Henderson, directors. The programme of music was given by the staff of the Conservatory.

Hon. G. W. Allan cordially welcomed all to the new home of the Conservatory. It was, he said, just ten years since the Conservatory began its work in the rented building on Wilton avenue. Their numbers then were few, and for a time the accommodation was sufficient; but as the numbers increased, despite alterations they outgrew their room and acquired the present admirably situated property and made the alterations which they saw. At the close of the first year their numbers were a little over two hundred; now the attendance was over five hundred, and in

awakened by the sound of hammer striking steel, and peering through the mist their eyes fairly glistened under the flare-lights of the enemy. It was a weird scene. And it was business.

There was no sign of doubt or of hesitation. Couriers arose from deep slumbers and dashed off to warn the officials of the rival company.

The president aroused a supreme court judge and obtained from him a writ of injunction, restraining the invaders.

Armed with this terrible weapon, he hastened to the point of attack, arriving a little after midnight. The work of construction was well under way.

One man seemed to be in command, and upon him the writ was served. He stuck it in his pocket and laughed, and the work went on as before.

The flare-lights made steam of the falling rain-drops, and the sound of the hammer was deadened by the mud in the road-bed.

"You defy the court?" shrieked the president of the rival line.

"I do not," was the reply of the captain of the black army of midnight workers, "but the law of New Jersey does not recognize the service of legal papers on Sunday."

Baffled! The sheriff of Somerset county was sent for by the enraged farmers, aided and abetted by the humble president. It was nearly morning when he came, with fifty deputies. They stepped out again and resented work.

"All work on this road must be stopped, by order of the sheriff!" he cried.

On—went the work. Rapidly stretched the rails toward the goal. A few more hours and the law would be helpless.

The rain still fell in torrents, and the coffee, tea and soup, with an occasional dram of rye, were passed around.

One of the lawyers for the Philadelphia and New York company advanced upon the sheriff and cautioned him. The latter's deputies threw two foremen into an official wagon, but they stepped out again and resented work.

"Arrest everybody, sheriff!" shouted the lawyer for the rival company. "Take them all in!"

The sheriff quailed. "I can't do it," he said.

"I haven't got deputies enough for that."

"If there is bloodshed," said the invaders' lawyer menacingly, shaking his finger in the face of the sheriff, "you will be responsible, like the sheriff in Pennsylvania."

The frightened officer drew off his force and the work went on unmolested.

In the early evening a shout went up. The road was completed.

The last nut had been tightened, the last spike driven.

The car was uncovered and rolled upon the track.

The farmers wondered how it was to be operated, and in the hearts of some of the wisest fresh hope grew.

But they reckoned without their host. Several weeks before the invasion a dynamo had been set up in the conservatory of a lawyer friendly to the invading company.

The neighbors thought it was meant to light and heat the glass house at Finderne station, and it created no talk.

This night they saw wires connected with it brought to the new track and attached to the trolley line.

They saw the car move along the line laden with armed men, and they knew that their rights had been successfully assailed and wrested from them.

It was a sad and sickening spectacle. Some of the old fellows nearly wept, as they turned their faces homeward.

Word came that a gang of armed men concealed near Bound Brook would capture the car and throw it off the track, but it went through all right, and the road was established legally as a common carrier before the courts of the state were awake on Monday morning.

Under an armed guard the car was run all night, and stage loads of men were dumped out at Finderne in order that they

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Ems	Dec. 18	Dec. 27	Dec. 30	Dec. 31
K. Wilhelm II	Dec. 30	Jan. 8	Jan. 11	Jan. 12
Normannia	Jan. 5	Jan. 12	Jan. 15	Jan. 14
Fulda	Jan. 8	Jan. 15	Jan. 19	Jan. 21
Werra	Jan. 15	Jan. 24	Jan. 27	Jan. 28
Furst-Bismarck	Jan. 22	Jan. 30	Feb. 2	Feb. 3
K. Wilhelm II	Feb. 5	Feb. 14	Feb. 17	Feb. 18
Normannia	Feb. 12	Feb. 20	Feb. 23	Feb. 22
Werra	Feb. 19	Feb. 26	Mar. 3	Mar. 4
Emilia	Feb. 26	Mar. 7	Mar. 10	Mar. 11
Saale	Mar. 5	Mar. 14	Mar. 19	Mar. 18

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Normannia, Feb. 12...	Feb. 20		Feb. 27
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Anecdotal.

A little St. Louis boy, bearing the name of him who, "willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound," was for some little naughtiness spanked by way of punishment. After he had gone to bed for the night he showed his reasoning powers by remarking to his mother: "You can't whip me now, for I'm lying on it."

Dr. Pitcairn, being in a church in Edinburgh where the preacher was not only emphatic but shed tears copiously, was moved to enquire of a countryman, who sat by him, what it was all about. "What the deevil makes him gree?" was the enquiry. "Faith," said the man, slowly turning around, "ye had maybe greet yersel', if ye was up there and had as little to say."

A guide was recently showing a party of ladies through a museum, explaining the various objects as they went along. "This," he said, taking up a sword, "is the weapon with which Balaam threatened to kill his ass." "I never learned," interrupted one of the ladies, "that Balaam had a sword. What I have read in history is that he wished he had one to kill his ass." "Well," replied the young man, "this is the sword he wished he might have had."

Dean Vaughan stories continue to crop up. Here is one of the latest. The Dean had been preparing some colored clergymen for mission work, and asked them to dine with him in the Temple. On that day Mrs. Vaughan waited an hour in the drawing-room for her guests, but none came. At last she mentioned to the butler that it was very odd. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "and what's odder still, I've done nothing all the evening but turn Christy Minstrels away from the door."

At an Oxford dinner party James Payn sat next to the Countess of Desmond. A learned clergyman, who bore the burden of conversation, quoted several Greek texts and the Countess asked Payn what they meant. He gave her to understand, with a well assumed blush, that it was scarcely fit for a lady's ear. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say—?" "Please don't ask any more," said Mr. Payn pleadingly; "I really could not tell you." Which was true to the ear, if not to the sense.

Right Rev. George Herbert Kinsolving, assistant Episcopat Bishop of Texas, is a giant of six feet four inches, and walks along with an easy stride that always excites attention. One morning he was hurrying along a street in a strange city (says the Brooklyn *Citizen*), wearing a slouch hat, when a newsboy, who had been following him with great curiosity, at length called out: "Say, mister, be you Buffalo Bill?" "No, my son," replied the bishop, as his eyes twinkled with merriment; "I am Texas George."

The following amusing passage took place between counsel and witness in a disputed will case. "Did your father give you no parting admonition?" "He never gave much away at any time!" "I mean to say, what were his last words?" "They don't concern you." "They not only concern me, sir," said the barrister severely, "but they concern the whole court." "Oh, all right!" was the reply. "Father said, 'Don't have no trouble when I'm gone, Jim, 'cos lawyers is the biggest thieves unhung!'"

Aubrey De Vere in his memoirs tells this story of Tennyson. One day a young lady who sat next the poet at dinner spoke of a certain marriage just announced as a very penniless one. He rummaged in his pocket, extracted a penny, and slapped it down loudly close to her heart of New York beats strongest, near the

plate, saying: "There, I give you that, for that is the God you worship." The girl was a little frightened, but more amused; they made friends; and he promised to send her a pocket copy of Milton. Some months later she received one from England, beautifully bound.

Between You and Me.

THERE is always a demand for something new in the way of evening amusement at this season. Winter after-dinner hours drag in many a quiet family, and we all recall interminable evenings which we have lived through while the minute hand of the clock pointed derisively anywhere on the unhappy side of twelve o'clock. I chanced on a funny thing in Gotham the other evening and brought it home to you, trusting you won't lift the nose of scorn and whisper "connu!" It is called the mock book auction and needs inventive genius, a smart auctioneer, such as one could evolve from almost any circle of young folks on earth, and that readiness to enter into fun which is also plentifully the characteristic of youth or old age in our aspiring community. "Plings," "N. G.'s" and "in the way" books were enormously put up and bidden in. All sorts of amazing information was volunteered by the auctioneer as to their aim, value and contents. There was room for a good many hits, and the bull's eye was riddled. The auction was a sort of a seven-barrelled fake, and richly did the crowd enjoy the jokes. Toilers of the Sea, by Victor Hugo, was a popular lot and smartly contested for. It proved a queer-looking package and turned out to be a live crab. Great Writers was vague, but a box of steel pens justified the auctioneer's remark that Steele would lead the lot. Stable for Nightmares was a robe de nuit. All sorts of local phases were caricatured, and I dare say such an evening's piece de resistance of amusement would produce just as much laughter here as it did in the larger city.

"I am waiting to hear about the restaurants of New York," said a woman on King street this afternoon. And I, feeling some twinges of indigestion consequent upon my indiscriminate sampling of those insidious haunts, promised to tell her something of them. Everyone has heard of the Chinese restaurant in Mott street, (I am beginning at the bottom), where you may get chicken *sante*, or rat fricassee, and where you probably get tea. You know your risk before you enter, and if you just shut your eyes and abstract your thoughts from the mysterious nourishment you can swallow it and feel none the worse. The faint, peculiar smell, the boy says it is sandal-wood, but you know it isn't), the tempered light, the paddy-footed, ginger-complexioned little chaps, toddling so noiselessly about, combine to make you nervous. And you only go once. Then at the other end of the scale is the lovely new *cafe* at the lordly Astoria, where your early fairy tales take shape in reality, and, like Midas, you devour gold. That is the quarter to which the gallant youth escorts the seasoned New Yorker, and emerges with just enough of his holiday money to pay a hansom home, and buy a two cent stamp to write frantically to the paternal suitor to settle his hotel bill. I saw a pink luncheon laid there the other day. A gilt basket of roses hung from the chandelier, and ten ribbons swung from it to ten exquisite bouquets—just four pink roses and a spray of ferns—for the ten women who were to consume two hundred dollars' worth of luncheon, dear things! They took hours to it, however, while a band played softly, and they carried away a varied assortment of meat and drink, and a distinct statement of the outlay, which was to them the most impressive part of the festivity, judging by their remarks.

If you want music there are Hungarian restaurants where the rat-tat of the cymbalo string distracts you from your soup, and the wheeling sigh of the violin makes you oblivious of blue points. The Hungaria in Union Square is one to which the "young person" may safely go without being stared at, and where a *table d'hote* dinner, with music as foretold, is to be enjoyed for seventy-five cents. Around on Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street is the Knickerbocker Cottage, a quaint, queer-looking place, described by its name, and where the viands are excellent and the prices such as would lead one to spare the gallant boy and sacrifice the millionaire in his stead. If you are enterprising and economical, and like to be waited upon by a real Paris *garcon*, go to the Hotel Marty. There is a *cafe* where you are served with a six-course luncheon and a flask of red or white wine, or beer, as you wish; a soup, a fish, an *entree*, a meat, a salad, a pudding, a delicious cup of *cafe noir*, for which it's great fun to hear the *garcons* shout down the tube, with emphasis, "tres chaud!" This restaurant is a remodeled private house, in the quarter where, when Lady Gay was a small girl, the nob's of New York resided, but which is now the business heart of the city. Your best young man may take you to Martini's, and you'll get a *table d'hote* dinner which I defy you to eat; the quality is excellent, but the quantity is only to be faced by a cyclist or a golf player, who have apparently no limit. If you go to Martini's, which will cost you a "earwheel," always remember that there is a big contract before you. Of course you will want to go to the Chat Noir in West Broadway, perhaps just for a fifty-cent lunch, and to say you have been there. By all means indulge this impulse, though you won't get the "black cat" of Paris. There are cats all over the walls, so if you don't like felines it will give you a turn when you enter the doors. And someone will take you to the Arena, a place where the German Jew doth flourish as a green potato vine. Such noses as you will see at the Arena, or Musenheimer's, as it is otherwise known! And you are taxed an extra quarter for your *table d'hote*, and you don't get your thin Sauterne or your small beer thrown in, and unless you can get a table in the little dining-room on the right you'll be forced to swallow a deal of tobacco smoke, for the Semitic Teutonic gentry smoke like fury. To Morello's your smart beau takes you, and he wears evening-dress; it isn't too dear a treat, for you get an excellent dinner for a dollar. Everyone knows Maillard's, just where the

Satisfactory to Everybody.
Pick-Me Up.



Captain—Here, Ref., my men say they'll murder you after the match if you declare us the losers.

Ref.—Yes; and as the other side say the same, it's pretty evident to me this game will be a draw.

junction of Broadway and Fifth avenue, Chocolate is the thing you take at Maillard's, and it is a very beautiful and luxurious time you have taking it, if you don't have to pay the bill. To jump once more from heights to depths, you had better go after your concert to "The Church," that quaint and delightfully Continental beer place in Seventeenth street where at about eleven o'clock you can see anyone. I mean you may, for anyone can go to the church. It is a high, arch-roofed and wainscotted hall, with carved panels and high mantels, on which are set kruks of rare ware, wondrous queer-shaped flagons, and where the beer is always clear, and cool, and delicious. I went one evening with a merry Irishman and his bright young daughter, and what a jolly hour we had. When you go to The Church, if you have a young man friend whose heart you would rejoice, steal for him a match-stand from The Church. A good way to steal one is to throw your golf cloak over it and pick both up together; that's the way the bright young daughter worked it on four occasions. She told me so with great glee.

Through the hospitable doors of The Church drift the opera singers, the musicians, the savans of the Fatherland, and they sit about their small tables and enjoy their relaxation. It is one of the places best worth while to do after eleven o'clock at night.

LADY GAY.—I quite envy you the baby; hope she has done well with the teeth, and suppose you are even now enjoying some of the grand-parents. Your writing shows a good deal of strength to the confidence doesn't usually set in that direction. You are exceedingly bright and apt to be a sparkling light in any firmament. There is a breeze, airy and dominantly hopeful note in your study. You are good-tempered, impulsive and full of energy; adapt yourself to circumstances; are fond of life and motion and averse to discipline and regimen. Just a woman to be loved and humored. Very pretty taste and much refinement are shown.

LIBERTY HALL—I see several very nice things, among others, youth and enthusiasm. You are liable to do well, for you are frank, honest, independent and ambitious. Discretion and a very good notion of looking after number one are also yours. The persons whose residence you mention are not blood relations, merely connections by marriage. Yes, I enjoyed myself; but wasn't it awfully hot? I don't know anything about that railway. Where does it run? Can it be the Huron, Grey and Bruce? If so, I never was up there. Am sure it's beautiful. Oh, by the way, what you begin you always finish, and finish carefully. That's a splendid trait.

JESSIE.—You say you are a Gemini, and then call me "May folk." The May folk up to the last week are Taurus folk. But probably you are well in the month and know what you are talking about. Only think of the strength of the two minds once they are in harmony! You say that the more you read and study the more you are dissatisfied. Perhaps it is a bad attack of mental indigestion you have, and you are only in need of a rest from reading and study. You will learn a great deal just by rest and thinking. It must be awful to be discontented all your life. 2. Your writing shows tenacity, impulse, caution, and a streak of temper. You are very persistent, matter-of-fact, and your tendency is to rise above your present level. Oh, how you do hang on to your notions! even while the hooks rend you, and you are wilful sometimes, but underlying all is an individuality well worth developing. For a Gemini you have wonderful sequence of ideas. They are inclined to be erratic.

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November 27, 1897

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Studio and Gallery

THE recent action of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral in placing in the cathedral the painting of G. F. Watts, R.A., Time, Death and the Judgment, is one fraught with much significance to the world of art and of religion. Art first received its impetus from religion, the decoration of church and temple being its first office. The iconoclasticism and asceticism of later ages decreed its abolition from places of worship, its particular offence being the source of its patronage; its crime, its supposed interference with the spirituality of worship. And now the question comes, is the pendulum of church thought to swing back, as it invariably does, where extreme positions have been taken, and is pictorial art to be pronounced helpful to devotion? We are "not a prophet nor the son of a prophet," but we venture to predict that the question will yet thrust itself with more or less persistence and force upon the Church. That branch of the Church which has always been most conservative in such matters, and which in many quarters, until but recently, considered it derogatory to the Creator that He should be worshipped with any other than "human wind," and relegated to the province of Mephistopheles all instrumental music (although nowhere is he complimented as lover of the concord of sweet sounds), and although instrumental music, we are told, is employed in Heaven—that branch of the Church will, I say, be very slow indeed to entertain any such scheme of teaching or aid to devotion. It may even be tempted to hurl the historical tripod, with its accompanying imprecation, at the offender who suggests such heterodoxy; nevertheless we dare believe that the Head of the Church who gave to the world

some of its most sublime word-pictures, and in whose life must necessarily have transpired events and scenes unparalleled in all human experience as subjects for the brush of the painter or the knife of the sculptor, can not view with such disfavor the representations of these same scenes and truths by brush or knife or deem them derogatory to Himself. That branch of the Church represented by St. Paul's will not experience such difficulty in following the lead of its metropolitan cathedral. How much more conducive to true worship did the very walls of our churches breathe out beauty and truth, than to feel the chill of their present barrenness, as if ugliness and sterility were more acceptable to such a Being who could make a world like this. To my mind art reaches its highest function, the limits of its possibilities, as to its subject matter and its utility in the mural decoration of sacred edifices with sacred subjects.

Speaking of church decoration it has, however, its practical side. It is a work requiring much literary qualification, much study and a great deal of money, as well as a finished technique, and Toronto churches are not in the nature of things likely to be seriously disturbed by the consideration of the question in the near future, so many of them being so submerged under such mortgages as to be quite unable to elevate their heads sufficiently to engage a darky with a whitewash brush, although no one is so obtuse as to believe the reason to be want of money in Toronto.

It is strange that with all the elaborate public buildings which have been erected in this country during the last few years, it has been left to the modern hotel to return the artist to the favorite field of the old masters—mural decoration. While the great new libraries in Boston and Washington have perhaps carried this work of mural decoration farther into the realm of art than any other buildings, the new hotels recently erected, and those in course of construction, in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, have given artists the largest fields of labor.

Of Mr. George F. Watts, already referred to, Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin says: "Mr. Watts is a painter of great intellectual grasp, whose field is in the region of allegory and mysticism. His public career extends over half a century. He has painted many excellent portraits and various history compositions of merit. But Watts is best known at present for his very powerful treatment of the ideal in the form of profound allegorical compositions. No recent English painter has made such serious and successful endeavors to suggest the ideal in pictorial representations. The treatment of his subjects is grandly simple and severe, resembling in this respect the stately reticence and massive strength of plastic art. He cannot always be considered a correct technician, but there is a depth of emotion, an effect of concentrated power which reminds one of the grandeur of Michael Angelo. His color is tender and beautiful."

When Watts painted a portrait of Carlyle, that pungent and caustic writer is said to have remarked of it: "He painted me in a fog."

The personal history of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A. and O.S.A., must be to a great extent identical with the development of art in Canada. Few men have had more influence in developing public taste and cultivating public sentiment regarding art, than he. He is pre-eminently the painter of Canadian scenery, and it speaks well for his taste, and well for our land, that he has always found sufficient material and of as high an order as he could have done by journeying more extensively. His work has been the result of his own indefatigable discriminating searching into the revelations of nature in Canada. And though he has been abroad and has seen the world's art, he has not attempted to imitate it in any way, and is not in any sense a reproducer of other men's conceptions or styles. Both are peculiarly his own. This gives him an authority as an interpreter of Canadian surroundings which can be credited to few. His early education in strictly academical drawing has laid a solid basis for his future work. The principal art organizations of Ontario, the R.C.A., the O.S.A. and the Ontario School of Art, were debtors to Mr. O'Brien in the first years of their formation, which are always the most uncertain in the history of such organizations. For seven years he presided over the Ontario Society of Artists, and for ten was the executive head of the Royal Canadian Academy. In the days of Lord Lorne, the representative head, he was really the burden-bearer of the Society. In conjunction with Rev. Principal Grant of Queen's College, Mr. O'Brien brought to light Picturesque Canada, having had charge of the illustrating. Later he produced a series of drawing-books for public schools which were adopted by the Education Department. For some years he has been consulting director of arts in Whitby College, and is similarly related to St. Margaret's College in Toronto. Abroad also his works have found a most appreciative public. The Royal Academy, Grosvenor; the Royal Hibernian, Dublin; the Royal Institute of Painters and Water-Colors, and other provincial exhibitions have given place to his creations. Royalty has known and appreciated his gifts. Two scenes of Quebec painted by him, by command of the Queen, met with such general approval in Court circles as to bring him a commission from Lord Lorne for a similar scene as a wedding present to the late Duke of Albany. The Duchess of Fife counted, also among her wedding presents, A Canadian Autumnal Scene, from the hand of Mr. O'Brien. All of which reflects credit on Canada and this pre-eminently Canadian artist, and entitles him to the admiration and confidence of a Canadian public.

The following story of Arnold Bochlin, the Swiss painter, is told in the German papers. In the early part of his career he was commissioned to paint a "still life" for an art-lover of Basle. The picture, consisting of several sorts of fruit, among them a large melon, was refused. The painter took it home, and wishing to utilize the canvas, began to scrape it with a knife. The small fruits rapidly disappeared, but when it came to scraping the melon, Bochlin stopped, feeling as if he were about to

commit homicide. He had not the courage to accomplish the sacrifice. A bright idea dawned on him. He seized a brush, and turned the melon into a siren swimming under water. The effect produced seemed to the artist wonderful. Since then he has painted many sirens, but his favorite is the one that came, many years ago, from an idealized melon.

The movement which was inaugurated two years ago to have, during the winter, a general "open studio day" on the first Saturday of each month among the artists in Toronto, is again on the *tapis*. The artists who have studios are unanimous in consenting to the arrangement this year, and on Saturday afternoon, December 4, if the weather proves auspicious, there will undoubtedly be a large number of our art-loving citizens put themselves *en route*, in groups, on a visit to as many studios as time will permit in the short afternoon. A list of studios and their addresses will be given in the local papers on the previous day for the guidance of visitors. This custom of observing a general "studio day" has been in vogue in the large art centers of New York, London and Paris at different times, and creates interest in native art and artists. In no place can an artist's work be so much appreciated as in the workshop where it has been created, and in no other way can we have that sympathetic interest in native productions such as can be got through contact and coming into personal touch with the producer.

The "private view" on the occasion of the opening of the annual "sketch exhibition" of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, will take place on Monday, December 6, at 3 p.m., in the studio, 89 Canada Life Building. Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are expected to be present. Only members and their families are expected to attend. On Tuesday and during the remainder of the week, from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m., the exhibition will be open free to the public.

The exhibition of English artists is on view at Mr. Roberts' art gallery. The collection embraces scenes from the Scottish Highlands and English scenery, and all are characteristic of the noted artists. Amongst those represented are: Charles Stuart, James E. Grace, W. Field, C. and E. Hayes, R. I., J. McIntosh, W. A. Weedon, R. T. Munshaw, O. Richardson, G. T. Walters. These are to be sold by auction on December 6, at Mr. Roberts' rooms, and will be on view the week previous.

Mr. Blatchley, R. C. A. and O. S. A., has been from his earliest years identified with art in some form, and happily has had no countering force to interfere with the pursuit of it. In his home in the Old Land, when lithographic work was perhaps a more serious art than it is to-day, Mr. Blatchley's illustrations found many an admirer wherever the *Sunday at Home* and *Cassell's Magazine* found their way. Every branch of illustration he is familiar with, including the varied and scopeful book covers, Honors, well merited, came to him from his countrymen. In this country also Mr. Blatchley's talent has been favorably acknowledged. He has not at all confined himself to illustration. As an artist in water-color landscapes he is not a stranger to the public. Several very bright and meritorious scenes of his hang on the walls of the Normal School, and he was equally well represented at the recent Industrial Exhibition. Mr. Blatchley has been in sympathy with all progressive movements in the interests of art, and has devoted no little time and thought to such organizations. He was one of the founders of the Art Students League, and was for four years its president. His experience in the art world, and his knowledge of the past, must constitute him a valuable member of any art organization.

Jean Grant.

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Brown says that choosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you do not understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

What Webster Said.

A good story of a man whose memory was better for "substance of doctrine" than for littleness of phraseology is related in the *Green Bay*.

Some years ago an Eastern farmer, in trying to repeat Webster's dying words, "I still live," wrote a long letter of the spirit. He enclosed the exact letter, of the phrase. A gentleman had remarked to him, "Life is very uncertain." "Ah, yes," replied the farmer, "that's true, every word of it; and, by the way, captain, that makes me think of what one of your big Massachusetts men said when he died a spell ago."

"Who was it?" enquired the captain.

"Well, I don't just call his name now, but at any rate he was a big politician and lived

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near Boston somewhere. My newspaper said that when he died the Boston folks put his image in their windows and had a funeral for a whole day."

"Perhaps it was Webster," suggested the captain.

"Yes, that's his name! Webster, General Webster. Strange I could not think of it before. But he got off a good thing just before he died. He riz up in bed and says he, 'I ain't dead yet!'"

Prophecies That Fail.

The verdict of a jury, though composed of twelve good men and true, is often wrong. History has frequently shown that justice does not always dwell with the multitude of counselors when we expect wisdom to flourish and abound in the head of one man—no matter how great his experience and scholarship. Verily, we but demonstrate our own folly in expecting it.

A certain brilliant writer, whose name I could give you if I wanted to, alleges that more good sometimes results from the telling of lies than would follow the telling of the truth under the same circumstances. Mind! I don't endorse that view, but his argument is along a line wherein a valuable suggestion can now and then be picked up, provided one is careful to steer clear of sophistical holes and traps.

No one has not a thousand times had reason to be thankful for other people's mistakes, blunders and ignorance? Have you never rejoiced over having a fine day for a journey when the weather prophets had predicted a foul one? Have you never made money out of an enterprise after you had been assured it was certain ruin to embark upon it? and so on and so forth? Beyond doubt, why, I have seen people rise from beds of sickness, and get sound as a sovereign, after half a dozen doctors had said they wouldn't see another sunrise. And they were good doctors, too; only they didn't know it all.

The other day of snap judgment which issued from the mouth of the doctor who told Mr. Sidney Herbert Knight he would never be fit for work again. You see it was in this way just as Mr. Knight relates.

"In May, 1892," he says, "whilst working at Dunedin, New Zealand, I was accidentally injured by a fall of earth. I was employed in cutting the Otago Central Railway. After it I never got up my strength, feeling low and too weak to appetite.

"My appetite left me, and after eating I had great pain at the chest and inflation of the stomach. There was a constant and horrible pain at the stomach, and a sense of weight and bearing down the back all the life of me. I slept in misery night and day, getting no proper sleep, and lying down most of the time.

"I saw one doctor after another, but they failed to relieve me. *One of them said I would never be fit for work again.*

"Year after year I remained in this condition, growing continually weaker. In January, 1896, I returned to England, and had further advice and treatment, but was no better for it. All my relatives and friends thought I never would regain my strength, and I had given up all hope of doing any more work.

"One day in March (1896) Mrs. Curtis (wife of the missionary) of Gunter Grove, advised me to take Selig's Syrup. I took a bottle from Mr. Booth, chemist, King's Road, and after taking it found a little relief. This encouraged me to persevere and soon I could eat well and the food agreed with me. I began to pick up strength, improving every day. When I had taken this medicine three months I was *strong and well as ever, and got back to work.* I have since been in the best of health. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) Sidney Herbert Knight, 6A Chelsea Park Dwellings, King's Road, Chelsea, London, February 17, 1897. Witness (Miss) Lilian B. Browne."

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Apropos of the title of "professor," which seems to cling so tenaciously to members of the musical profession, whether they like it or not (and many of them do seem to delight in it), John Philip Sousa, the great bandmaster, says that "after a continuous struggle, extending over nearly a score of years, I have finally succeeded in living down the title of 'professor,' which was bestowed on me as a mark of esteem by unthinking friends in my younger days. Webster tells us, says the Cleveland *Critic*, that a professor is "one who professes, or publicly teaches, any science or branch of learning; especially, an officer in a university, college, or other seminary, whose business it is to read lectures, or instruct students in a particular branch of learning." The use of the title is greatly abused nowadays. Every country schoolmaster who wields the rod over a dozen urchins is a "professor." The gray-headed old fiddler who has been murdering the Arkansaw Traveler and Old Dan Tucker ever since they were written, and who couldn't read a musical note to save his life, counts himself a "professor." The colored bootblack on the corner of the street, who thinks himself an expert in the humble occupation of shining shoes, paints "Prof." before his name upon the pavement. So it is that the title of "professor" has fallen from its high estate. It is not now invariably significant of distinction. We are introduced to a "professor." Unless explanations follow we are in doubt. He may be a doctor of divinity, holding the chair of natural theology or oriental languages in some university of national renown. Or he may be the peripatetic representative of an infallible corn eur, bent upon the speedy reduction of physiological deformities. If the latter, he wishes not to be mistaken for a doctor of divinity. It hurts his feelings. But he will retain the title of "professor" while the man of profound erudition returns to the modest terms of earlier years, and asks to be addressed as plain "Mister."

Some years ago piano students throughout the musical world of Europe and America were considerably interested and excited because of a fierce and protracted attack by the New York *Musical Courier* upon the methods of piano instruction imparted by the great Viennese maestro, Leschetizky. It seemed somewhat strange to many that a teacher who counted among his pupils such players as Essipoff, Bloomfield-Zeisler, the great Paderewski, and others, should suddenly be discovered to be "overrated," "incompetent," and all the rest of it. The same journal recently renewed its campaign against Leschetizky and also began a similar silly tirade against the eminent Berlin teacher, Herr Barth, and is now opening fire on the Parisian vocal teacher, Marchesi. At latest reports, however, these famous teachers were enjoying three meals regularly daily, and with a consistency which must be proving somewhat uncomfortable to their slanders, were continually growing in the estimation of those most interested in the subject of piano and vocal instruction. The *Musical Courier's* fusillade against Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch and the de Reszkes, and the prosperity which has, notwithstanding, attended the efforts of these gentlemen of late years, has suggested the idea that a sure indication of superior merit on the part of any musician of note is to figure in the columns of the journal mentioned as a humbug and mountebank.

A large and critical audience attended the piano recital given by Miss Katherine Birnie at Nordheimer's on Saturday afternoon of last week. The clever young pianiste presented an interesting and varied programme of selections chosen from the works of Mendelssohn, Nevin, Schubert, Chopin, Huberhien, Liszt and Strauss-Tausig. Her playing on this occasion was marked by all the points of excellence which have been previously noted in her performances. A well developed technique was always in evidence, besides which there was noticeable an artistic regard for expression and interpretation which most satisfactorily revealed the musical side of Miss Birnie's playing. The audience was very favorably impressed with the recital, as was shown in the warm applause which greeted the efforts of the pianiste, who was several times recalled and obliged to bow her acknowledgments. Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor, and Mr. Bernhard Walther, violinist, rendered valuable assistance in solo selections and added much to the enjoyment of an exceedingly well balanced programme. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Arthur Blakeley with his customary ability.

It will be interesting to musical circles and society who are eagerly anticipating Mme. Sembrich's concert, to read what Mr. H. E. Kriehuber, the distinguished music critic of the New York *Tridune*, says of her: "Madame Sembrich is a lovely singer—lovely of person, of address, of voice; and her artistic acquirements are of the highest rank. Her style is exquisite, and is plainly the outgrowth of a thoroughly musical nature. It unites some of the highest elements of art. She carries her voice wondrously well throughout a wide register, and from her lowest note to her highest there is the same quality of tone. It is a voice of fine texture, too; it has a velvety softness yet is brilliant. It awakens echoes of Mine. Patti's organ, but has warmer life-blood in it."

This famed prima donna, fresh from her New York laurels, will appear in Massey Music Hall on December 2, assisted by eminent artists and the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. That she will receive an ovation here, as elsewhere, is proved by the rapid way the subscription list at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's has filled up.

A very successful violin and vocal recital by

pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Klingenfeld was given in the Young Women's Christian Association Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, in the presence of a numerous and cultured audience. The programme introduced the following pupils: Violin—Master Willie Potts, Mr. W. Long, Miss Nelda Heintzman, Miss Olive Sheppard, Miss Edith Cable, Miss Edith Winnett and Miss Violet Harvey; vocal—Miss Florence Hall, Mr. George Winlow, Miss Margaret Milne, Miss Charlotte Ireland, and Miss Lillie Power. The superior instruction imparted by Mr. and Mrs. Klingenfeld, respectively in violin and vocal work, found ample expression in the artistic and advanced character of their pupils' performances. Several of those taking part evinced talent of a high order, and the recital throughout was a thoroughly enjoyable event, which reflected creditably alike on pupils and teachers.

Lovers of orchestral music will be pleased to learn that the present season is not likely to pass by without a systematic effort being made to organize a local professional orchestra. Several prominent gentlemen have been interesting themselves in the matter with the result that they have secured forty guarantors at twenty-five dollars each in support of an orchestra with Mr. Heinrich Klingenfeld as conductor. Plans are now being formulated for an active season's campaign. Mr. Klingenfeld's success in this line of work elsewhere has been such as to warrant the expectation that the venture in which he is now interested will, with the encouragement which is being offered it, prove more successful than any recent experiments along the same line. The progress of the new orchestra will be watched with keen interest by all who desire to see this sphere of musical effort develop in this city.

A sacred concert and organ recital will be given in the Jarvis street Baptist church on Tuesday evening next by the choir of the church, under the direction of the organist, Mr. A. S. Vogt, assisted by Miss Jessie Perry and Miss F. Brown, organists respectively of the Northern Congregational church and Berkeley street Methodist church, and Herr Rudolf Ruth, the gifted cellist, whose fine performances at a former recital were so much enjoyed by the large audience then present. The choir will render several choruses and standard unaccompanied numbers, among them Gounod's motette, *O Day of Pentitence*, a splendid piece of writing in six parts. A number of the leading vocalists of the city are assisting the choir, which has been augmented for the occasion by about twenty voices. A collection will be taken up during the evening to defray expenses of the recital.

Mr. Arthur Hewitt, organist and choirmaster of Erskine Presbyterian church, has prepared an excellent programme for a sacred recital in the church on Monday evening next. The choir will be assisted by Mrs. Scripps-Ellis, soprano, of Detroit; Miss Lola Ronan, contralto, and Mr. Harold Jarvis, the popular Detroit tenor, who will be heard in solo and concerted work. The choir of Erskine church has gained an enviable reputation for the character of the hymn singing which it leads so successfully in the regular services. A feature of the programme, outside the anthems, will be the singing of four of the most beautiful hymns contained in the collection used by the church. A collection will be taken at the door.

On Monday evening there was held at the residence of a Jarvis street hostess a very enjoyable *musical* in the interests of Cecil street church. A large number of guests were present, who thoroughly enjoyed the fine programme presented. Musical selections were rendered by the Misses Taylor, piano duet; Mr. C. Wagner, violin; Miss Lola Ronan, song; Mde. Adele Strauss Youngheart, song; Mr. Youngheart, song; Mr. G. W. Grant, song; Dr. Fletcher, song; Mr. Paul Hahn, cello; Miss Ollie Sheppard, violin; Mr. Arthur Blakeley, accompanist. Elocutionary numbers were given by Miss Marguerite Dunn. Glioma's orchestra also assisted to make the affair a very successful one.

Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, late organist and choirmaster of St. James' cathedral, has received the following appreciative letter:

Saint James' Vestry,
Toronto, Nov. 17, 1897.

DEAR SIR.—As your resignation as organist and choirmaster of St. James' cathedral takes effect from the 15th inst., I have much pleasure in communicating to you the following resolution passed by the Musical Committee at their meeting held yesterday: "That the Musical Committee desire to express their high appreciation of the able and efficient service rendered by Mr. Anger during the emergency caused by the death of his predecessor."

Yours, etc.,
T. J. FREEMAN, Vestry Clerk.

The great interest which is being manifested in social and musical circles of the city in the Sembrich concert which takes place on Thursday evening next, augurs well for the financial prospects of an event which is certain to prove one of the greatest artistic triumphs in the history of concert enterprises in Toronto. The phenomenal Sembrich, whose brilliant vocalization and superior artistic temperament have been creating such a profound impression wherever she has been heard, will be supported by the celebrated Metropolitan Orchestra of New York, under the famous conductor, Sig. Bevington.

A feature of the concert given at the opening of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last was the brilliant mandolin playing of Mr. Le Barze, who has recently been appointed a member of the staff of the institution. Mr. Le Barze played the Keler-Bela Lustspiel' overture in a manner which proved a revelation to the majority present. In style and technique he ranks high as a performer on the mandolin, and the enthusiastic character of his reception was but a just recognition of his remarkable skill as a performer on an instrument which is rapidly growing in popular favor.

I am requested by Mr. Arthur Blakeley to announce, for the benefit of enquirers, that the Saturday afternoon organ recitals for this season will not be commenced until January next. A sacred concert will, however, be given on December 2 in connection with the choir of the Sherbourne street Methodist church, at which

Mr. Blakeley will give some of his most popular selections.

The musical and literary programme presented at the public opening of the new buildings of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last, was in every sense worthy of the occasion. The performers were chosen from the staff of the institution, including the following: Piano—Miss Gordon, Sig. Dinelli, Mr. Donald Herald and Mr. V. P. Hunt; violin—Mr. Bernhard Walther, Mrs. Adamson and Miss Lena Hayes; viola—Sig. Dinelli; 'cello—Herr Rudolf Ruth; flute—Mr. J. Churchill Arildge; mandolin—Mr. J. A. LeBarge; vocal—Miss Annie Hallworth, Mr. Reebach Tandy and Mrs. H. W. Parker; and elocution—Mr. H. N. Shaw and Miss Nelly Rybman. An effective choir of Conservatory students opened the concert by singing God Save the Queen, the effect of which proved beyond doubt the splendid acoustical properties of the beautiful concert hall of the institution. Subsequent numbers this fact was further impressed upon the audience. The institution is certainly to be congratulated upon possessing a recital chamber which is elegant in its appointments, well lighted and heated, admirably ventilated, and at the same time, in its acoustics, what so many architects aim at but which is unfortunately so seldom attained. The audience filled the hall to overflowing, fully one thousand being unable to gain admission. Among the large and cultured gathering were many prominent local patrons of music and leading professional and amateur musicians. Addresses by Hon. G. W. Allan, president of the Conservatory, President Loudon of Toronto University, and Provost Welch of Trinity University were delivered during the evening, in which the keynote was one of congratulations to the students, the faculty, and especially the director, Mr. Edward Fisher, to whose tact and ability is due the erection of the handsome new quarters of the Conservatory amid its present fine and convenient surroundings. After the concert the guests inspected the class-rooms of the institution and exceedingly admired their cheery and elegant appearance.

An invitation violin recital will be given in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on Monday evening next by the talented young violinist, Miss Kate Archer, assisted by Miss Adele S. Hart, pianist; Miss Hillary, vocalist; Herr Rudolf Ruth, 'cellist, and Miss Mockridge, accompanist. A collection in aid of the Nursing-at-Home Mission will be taken up during the evening.

Dr. Ham, the newly appointed organist and choirmaster of St. James' cathedral, began his duties on Sunday last. His scholarly and dignified organ playing created a very favorable impression upon the congregations present at the services of the day.

Moderato.

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November 27, 1897

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

Social and Personal.

A sad death and most touching funeral was that of Mrs. Villiers, wife of Major Villiers, paymaster at Stanley barracks. The deceased lady formerly resided in Arthur street. The funeral took place from St. Matthias church and the service was choral. The coffin was borne by six veterans who fought honorably in the Crimean and Indian wars. A wealth of beautiful flowers from friends here and elsewhere were buried with the regretted dead, and many well known military men and friends from far-off cities were of the *corps*. Mrs. Villiers was quite young, and a very bright and lovely woman.

A very large circle of relatives are thrown into mourning in the height of the season by the demise of Mrs. Cawthra-Murray and the sudden taking away of Mrs. Smart, that sweet and lovable woman whose ill-health has been for some time a cause of great anxiety to her friends. Mrs. Cawthra-Murray was an unique personality, eschewing society, living her quiet life in comparative solitude in her grand mansion in Jarvis street, whose many wide windows were dark of evenings, save for a solitary gleam in a south upper room. A woman adhering to bygone ways and bygone fashions of dress; of keen business ability and guarding well her large fortune, now devised to her family in varying portions, young Cawthra Mulock, son of the Postmaster-General, getting the bulk of the sum. Mrs. Smart's family of three young persons universally admired and beloved, have the tender sympathy of an immense connection and a very large circle of friends. The mistress of Lindenwald, dainty and sweet, will long be held in loving memory.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins went to Boston on Tuesday for a short visit. The master is a member of the commission sent there this week.

Mrs. FitzGibbon is away on a short visit to friends in Orangeville.

Pretty little Miss Francis was a winsome maiden at Her Excellency's dance on Tuesday. Mrs. Auguste Bolte was several times the partner of Lord Aberdeen, and looked very well in black velvet. Mrs. Bolte's *coiffure* was one of the most beautifully arranged in the room.

An idiosyncrasy of some young persons is their attendance at a large ball and their subsequent announcement that they are to make their *debut* at the dances of the Toronto Club.

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